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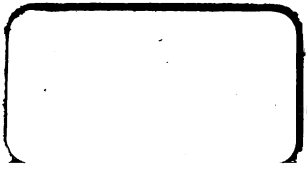

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STATUE of JULIA MAMMEA,

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Mother of the Emperor Alexander Severus.

WOMEN:

THEIR

CONDITION

AND

INFLUENCE IN SOCIETY.

BY

JOS. ALEX. SEGUR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. III.

AGE of Louis XVI. 1
The Influence of Women upon Manners, in the Reign of Louis XVI. 3
The Influence of Women at Court 13
The Conduct of Women at the Dawn of the Revolution 19
The Influence of Women upon public Opinion 21
Conduct of Women at the Commencement of the Revolution 23
Reflections on the Fortitude of Women 25
Historical Details of the Sacrifices made by Women during the Revolution 49
Memorial of the Trial and Condemnation of Charlotte Corday, before the Revolutionary Tribunal 51
The Ninth of Thermidor 119
Sketch of the Manners and Condition of Women in Modern Europe 127

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Zunilda; a Swedish Novel..... 187
Conclusion of the Work 327

NOTES.

On the Marriage Ceremonies of different Nations..... 349

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CATHERINE II.

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WOMEN,

&c.

AGE OF LOUIS XVI.

IN proportion as political events become less important, the manners and customs of society acquire a higher value; and claim our attention so much the more, as developing the causes of that re-action, which they produce upon the minds which they have enervated, and upon the conduct of individuals, in those great convulsions, which succeed to a long period of public tranquillity. The reign of Louis XVI. furnishes an illustration of this remark.

I am compelled to enter into some historical details relative to the commencement and the misfortunes of this

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reign; for women have contributed so much to these misfortunes, and have played so active part in these events, that it is impossible to write upon woman without retracing some of the transactions.

The conclusion of the reign of Louis XV. and the beginning of that of Louis XVI. present nearly the same picture. There are, however, some shades of difference, which I shall endeavour to explain. The reader must indulge me therefore in the relation of some particulars, which may perhaps appear minute, and which rather belong to the province of history than to this species of writing. I have already remarked that under Louis XV. every thing appeared to decline: under Louis XVI. they continued in a declining state.

The actions, the behaviour, the writings of women necessarily assume the complexion of their times; in the days of chivalry we behold them

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heroines; but among us moderns we have scarcely any other characters than little misses*.

When paintings are defective we should censure the models, and not the painter, who ought ever to be faithful.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN UPON MANNERS IN THE REIGN OF LOUIS XVI.

In a monarchical state the character and pursuits of the sovereign always influence the manners of his people.

In France the habit of imitation is so strong, that when the court ceases to dictate fashions and customs to the capital, and through that to the provinces, the people seek them among foreigners. It was towards the latter end of the reign of Louis XV. and the beginning of that of Louis XVI. that *Anglomania* established itself in France.

* Literature alone has distinguished some females.

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The old king sought only repose, and his youthful successor was more inclined to live as the head of a private family than as a king, who had every thing at his command. Nor is this remark upon *Anglomania* to be deemed puerile. Among the French, where every thing seems rather to engage the eye than the understanding, forms, dress and customs have much more influence than elsewhere; and in a country where all is trick, splendour is a source of reverence, and ceremony is the bulwark of power.

Louis XVI. dispensed with the imposing forms of show and ceremony; and incalculable evils sprung from his conduct, which were increased by the influence of women; for it will appear that by a striking contradiction, the least gallant of her kings delivered France into the hands of women.

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THE EFFECT OF MANNERS UPON POLITICAL EVENTS; AND THE CHANGES OF POWER.

I HAVE described the situation of women during the reign of Louis XV. as unfavourable. I think I have demonstrated that systematic endeavours were used to disparage the sex. A king possessing all the advantages of Francis the first himself, would have found it extremely difficult, to have revived a spirit of gallantry; and Louis XVI. was the monarch the least qualified for such an undertaking, by his manners, taste, or habits. Blunt and open in his disposition, and tenderly attached to one woman alone, he respected the rest of the sex, but took no pains to please them. Had he filled the throne in times less corrupt, Louis XVI. would have been held up as an example, and as an encourager of good morals. Our good forefathers would have esteemed, admired, and

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without doubt have imitated him. But commencing his reign in a period of general dissipation; he could neither restore virtuous manners by his individual example; nor re-animate the spirit of gallantry by his taste or his address, which had rather an opposite tendency. Revolting from the scenes which presented themselves to his view, his disgust became a species of misanthropy. He attempted to render popular that morality which he himself cherished, and to restore the dignity of the throne, for which he secretly sighed; but he soon despaired of success. Wearied with the useless effort, he suffered the etiquette of his court, for which he had discovered a propensity in the early part of his reign, gradually to diminish. The contempt of ceremony and parade which naturally followed, stamped a value on plain manners, and soon brought them into fashion. The women even countenanced this change of manners, unconscious of the

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injuries they were creating for themselves. The fashion attained to such a height, that courtiers, almost ashamed of the decorations which they had obtained and had so much coveted, with reluctance condescended to wear them. They affected even a curtailment in the splendour of their appearance. The highest of the nobility dressed in the same style as their valets: at the play and in all public places they appeared in an undress frock and boots; their unceremonious manners soon became in unison with their appearance; and in thus neglecting the respect due to the public, they levelled all distinctions in society. A female was now scarcely noticed by the men, who would converse by themselves in her presence; and the passing salutation of a nod was slightly afforded to her. In the times of Louis XV. men were sufficiently dissipated; but they at least retained some appearance of respect for old age and the fair sex. In the reign of Louis XVI.

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they were not only depraved, but there remained among them scarcely a shadow of politeness. Such a state of things was the most repugnant to the condition of women. Some ladies at court, and in Paris, were desirous, by the influence of their age and consequence, to oppose the progress of this revolution in manners. They were permitted to speak. The younger part of the sex, rather from instinct than from pride, felt that in fact their situation in society had become far from flattering; but fashion beckoned them on; and such is sometimes the depravity of morals, that we prefer becoming actually degraded, rather than combat the force of ridicule.

The Queen, when she ascended the throne, possessing wit and beauty, with an anxious desire to render herself agreeable to the French, and with an intuitive gracefulness, which was not unfolded until after she had become accustomed to French eloquence, had the great me-

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rit, arising from natural disposition, from respect for the king, and the dignity of the throne which she shared with him, to discountenance entirely this new system of manners. She would frequently even make it the subject of her ridicule. She was early convinced of the injurious tendency of the indecorous customs which prevailed in society. Educated by a mother as much distinguished for her understanding as for her virtues and character, she felt as a woman her self-love mortified; and as a queen, she was sensible of the derogation of her dignity. Accustomed, also, from her infancy to listen to details of the magnificence of Louis, of the splendour of France, and of the gallantry of that amiable nation, so full of veneration for the female sex; she looked around her for a confirmation of this brilliant description, which her own imagination had still further embellished; but she found no resemblance to the

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flattering picture. She perceived however, that she had not been misinformed; but that, good taste and good morals were daily declining. She made some efforts to restore that courteous grace of manners, the mere recollection of which delighted her.

Some fêtes, of which she constituted the chief ornament, shed a momentary lustre on the court; but this re-establishment of the ancient manners, and ceremonies of state was only temporary. The fêtes ended; and the Queen was scarcely ever seen again in public. She became secluded among a few select friends, who rather loved her as an individual, than courted her as a queen, and who permitted her in the monotonous tranquillity of private life to forget the splendour of her throne. This conduct is perhaps the only error which ought to be laid to the charge of this party of the Queen's friends, who have been too much calumniated. The Queen thus

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imperceptibly and gradually fell into the general bias, which favoured an easy life of private simplicity. She added another fault to this by sometimes appearing publicly at Paris, partly as a private individual and partly as a sovereign. The people doubted whether to receive her with acclamation as a Queen, or otherwise; and this hesitation grew into a custom. In a short time this circumstance was malignantly attributed to the disregard of the people, though it actually arose from the embarrassment of their not knowing the person of the Queen. She forgot, that if the French loved their kings, they also loved the pomp which should encompass them; and that, from a feeling inherent in our nature, we imagine that the object of our homage can never be too brilliantly or too preciously adorned.

On the other hand the King, who had quitted his usual habits, solely to please the Queen, returned to his private mode

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of life. He spent in study, or reading, all those hours, which were not occupied by his family or his council. Hunting was his sole diversion, and he admitted only five or six courtiers to join him in the chase, thus diminishing even in this respect the magnificence of these pleasures, which in the times of his predecessors were accompanied with so much splendour.

Every thing seemed to conspire to strip the throne of its dignities. St. Germain destroyed the mansion of the King; and by that means succeeded in drawing from the court a necessary degree of pomp. This change, without yet attacking the royal power, caused the disappearance of its attributes. Versailles became a vast desart; excepting on Sunday mornings not an individual was to be seen there; and in the afternoon even of that day every one flew to Paris. The moment that the courtiers quitted the palace, the King took his solitary walks,

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and the Queen repaired to Trianon. The former seemed to be weary of offering their homage, and the latter of receiving it. If we sought in this magnificent palace its sovereigns, their attendants, or their court, all were vanished, and the present eclipse of the court seemed to prognosticate the future.

Sometimes the King joined the Queen and her party at the delightful retreat of Trianon. Here, where he passed some happy and tranquil days, he appeared rather as an opulent individual at his country seat, than the *descendant* of the Bourbons, surrounded by the miracles which Louis XIV. had created.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN AT COURT.

As the Queen exercised supreme authority over the mind of the King, and as the Countess de Pol . . . . maintained an

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ascendancy over that of the Queen, it may be said that women reigned; but it was without splendour. The sovereignty had neither the dazzling brilliancy of a system of favouritism, nor the imposing character of a divided authority. It was nothing more than an assumed influence, obtained rather by the attractions of feminine charms and tenderness, than purchased by great qualities, or profound intrigues; and it bestowed upon the possessors neither temporary importance, nor future fame.

M. de Calonne appeared in the political hemisphere; a man of sound understanding, and amiable manners, endowed with every quality which could recommend him to the favour of women, but essentially deficient in those traits of conduct and character necessary to counteract their inconstancy, and that of the court. Gifted with a fertile imagination, and desirous of applying strong remedies to desperate evils; the rapidity of his con-

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ception did not allow him sufficient time to perceive their impediments; and thus his plans not being sufficiently digested, the difficulties which he experienced in their execution frequently furnished the means of triumph to his enemies. The first idea of an impost upon timber, and of a territorial impost, saved the state; the second plan of the notables shook it; and the dismissal of this minister completely overthrew it. The Queen from her education and disposition, was naturally struck with every thing which assumed a magnificent character. She was at first captivated with the brilliant fame for the King, which the project of the notables held forth; soon however the difficulties of its execution alarmed her; and the intrigues of Cardinal de Lémonie, who was also supported by women, finally overturned it. It was curious to observe the struggles of these two rivals, each supported by an army of women, who espoused their cause.

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The Cardinal, more crafty, and less addicted to his pleasures, planned his schemes with most address, and won the battle. The Queen was gained over; and in a short time that princess regarding M. de Calonne merely as a man of wit, dangerous on account of his levity, so far from befriending him with the King, hastened his ruin by abandoning him*.

She was undoubtedly deceived in a cruel manner; but if her conduct in this instance is reprehensible, her motives were by no means so. Her objects were to establish the glory of the King, and to discover some sure remedy against the dangers which threatened France. It was in vain that she possessed a natural strength of mind, and more discernment in matters of importance, than has been attributed to her: it was easy to a

* He had often predicted to the king himself, that he should have much difficulty in supporting himself against his enemies.

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man of the cardinal's crafty mind to persuade this princess, that the plans of M. de Calonne would prove fatal; and that those which he wished to substitute in their stead, were more conformable to that firmness, which it was necessary to display against the several parties, already too much agitated.

It was not, therefore, the spirit of intrigue that led the queen into this error. In what respect could it promote her interest? Her influence over the mind of the king was established in a manner not to be shaken. Whether M. de Calonne or the cardinal had the king's ear, she would not possess the less influence. She could not be considered in the character of a temporary favourite, reigning under the protection of a minister while he remained in office. No, she was deceived; and, unhappily, the whole train of circumstances conspired to mislead her. I repeat, that whatever was grand and brilliant in the project

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of M. de Calonne was a source of pleasure to the queen; but the innovators, promptly availing themselves of the opportunity which this first step afforded them, promulgated with audacity their destructive ideas of government; and the queen became terrified at a picture, which the enemies of M. de Calonne did not fail to render even more frightful than it really was. The native dignity of this princess, and her remorse at the probable alarming consequences of this project, ought surely to have induced her to have rejected with disdain all idea of resorting to force, which the cardinal proposed, without having either means or talents to direct that force. His incapacity was fully illustrated by the explosion of the 14th of July 1789, which was accelerated by his imprudence.

Thus it was that in a certain degree the revolution was accomplished by the influence of women.

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THE CONDUCT OF WOMEN AT THE DAWN OF THE REVOLUTION.

If the misconduct and pusillanimity of the court had been for a length of time producing its own misfortunes, the state of society in Paris had been equally instrumental in preparing the way for the new order of things.

Never did women exhibit a more meddling disposition relative to public affairs than at that very period, when the importance of political events should have imposed upon them a system of retirement and silence. Three individuals were for a considerable time conjointly in favour with the cabinet and with the female cabals. These three rivals were M. Necker, M. de Calonne, and the cardinal Loménie. In fact M. de Calonne was already in disgrace, the cardinal governed, and the elevation of M. Necker was merely in agitation. The position of the rivals prevented an open rupture;

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but as the principal auxiliaries of these ministers were women, the conqueror could enjoy no tranquillity, the vanquished was denied resignation, and he, who had no other resources than hope, was doomed to a state of restless agitation. Women are never dejected in adversity, nor tranquil in prosperity; and to the silence of hope they are perfect strangers*.

At this period three distinct parties of well known women were notoriously in a state of warfare, with more or less energy combating each other, either secretly or openly, as circumstances allowed.

A fourth party, still more mischievous, was that of those women who were simply desirous of change.

They had no particular chief to serve; they were, however, zealous in their en-

* There is of course no peace for their dependants; and whoever attempts to serve himself by the influence of women becomes their slave.

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deavours to overthrow the existing government at the price of any sacrifice: their aim was disorganization; they were directed by the deceitful lights of the new philosophy, and their leaders were men who, having neither wealth nor reputation to lose, had seduced these females to their own level, and employed them as the most effectual instruments of their revolutionary schemes.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN UPON PUBLIC OPINION.

A CERTAIN writer has observed, with considerable asperity, — "If you are anxious to propagate new opinions, you should address them to the women: they will easily adopt your sentiments, for they are ignorant; they will publish them widely, for they are volatile; and

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they will maintain them strenuously, for they are obstinate."

It must be confessed that, in France particularly they exercise an almost habitual influence over public opinion. Umpires of fashion, and of every novelty whether frivolous or important, they are the inquisitors of the sentiments of the drawing room where they are sovereigns; and where whoever is desirous of pleasing them must regulate his conduct by their opinion. Thus a Frenchman becomes a man of the world, rather than any other character; he spends more time in company than in his closet: it is in the drawing room that his reputation, his fortune is decided; to the drawing room love and pleasure incessantly summon him, and he becomes the slave of his bewitching sovereigns, who dictate to him their will as the law of his conduct. Nor is it simply the common class of men, who yield to their dominion; for in every age almost every

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man in power has experienced the difficulty of extricating himself from its influence.

CONDUCT OF WOMEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

DURING the revolution the women displayed their natural character. Incapable of anticipating events, their wit and levity were indulged at the most serious crisis. While some assisted in fomenting political discord, others laughed at the most alarming symptoms of anarchy. Their mischievous frivolity, their inconsiderate conversation produced incalculable evils. Displaying their self-love and vanity, rather than a just dignity of mind, they obeyed the momentary impulse of passion, without calculating the dangerous consequences of their conduct: vain of their empire of opinion,

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they stimulated the individuals whom they could influence, not to a dignified and powerful self-defence, but to oppose the progress of the revolutionists by a feeble resistance, and a petty war of idle words; which merely irritated their enemies, when it was necessary to have encountered them with courage, and to have struggled to destroy them. They were guilty of a much greater error; they induced all those, who had been dispossessed of authority by the revolution, to refuse the offer of any of the newly instituted places of power, which they made the subjects of their ridicule. In consequence of which conduct, every part of the government was occupied by their adversaries, and the evil was left without a remedy.

If, however, the conduct of the women at the commencement of our internal struggles was reprehensible, how magnanimous did it become in the hour of actual danger? Never did woman ap-

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pear to more advantage; never did the female sex acquire greater glory, than when, suddenly starting from the lap of pleasure, or that lethargic state of imbecility into which they had fallen, aroused by the crisis of affairs, they, without relinquishing their delicacy or tenderness, displayed a fortitude and energy which history will applaud to distant ages.

REFLECTIONS ON THE FORTITUDE OF WOMEN.

Let us endeavour to trace in the character of women the source and cause of that fortitude apparently so little consistent with their weakness, their education, and the timidity which peculiarly belongs to them.

It has been already remarked that

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their mental qualities were frequently dormant; and that their personal attractions were almost incessantly displayed. The reason is obvious. The desire of pleasing is innate in women; while the necessity of acquiring esteem seems in their minds to be simply the result of education. There exists also in this sex, a secret sentiment of mental energy, which without habitually shewing itself, appears to be a precious flame, reserved unseen till the very moment of a sudden and brilliant explosion.

Thus, many females who have an air of great heedlessness and levity, possess innately, in common with other women, and without being sensible of it, the embers of that energy which a great and trying occasion kindles into flame. Hence it arises, that a feeling for which they cannot account, causes them to lay aside, on such occasions, their frivolous pursuits, and to attend to the duties

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which they had imprudently neglected in the tranquil hour of repose *. To create this change, however, it is necessary that their misfortunes should be at a crisis, and that the perils of those they love should be imminent: for, though always powerfully affected by what is immediately passing, they appear to defy the future.

* I had occasion to visit the minister daily to solicit the release of one of my friends. I was struck by the assiduity of a young fashionable female who attended there for the same purpose. "Good God! madam (I said to her), you must be wearied and tired out by the necessity of rising so early every day, and at so inclement a season of the year." "For a month past (she replied), I have been employed in soliciting the release of my husband, and am constantly here at eight o'clock in the morning. For the purpose of dressing, I am obliged to rise at seven; and you will be enabled to judge of the fatigue I must undergo, when I tell you that I never omit attending at the balls, and that I do not return home until five in the morning, after having spent the whole of the night in dancing."

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This appears to me to be the true cause of their sublime conduct during the revolution. The sudden change which was wrought in them, in the midst of perils, was in no one instance the result of reflection, but invariably the effect of sentiment. The dreadful subversion we had occasion to witness, having struck at the various feelings of mother, wife, daughter, sister, and mistress, a female may have felt, at one and the same time, the different energies which had hitherto alternately warmed her heart, each of them kindled at the same moment by the same spark. Let any one picture to himself the emotions which this internal volcano must have produced in beings naturally irritable, and he will find the causes of the courageous examples which women have afforded, in the revolutionary convulsions of France.

To whatever class of females the attention is directed, they are found to

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have displayed, during the most terrible periods of the revolution, sensibility, presence of mind, humanity, and an active and zealous courage; at the same time that the men in general manifested no other quality than that of resignation.

To the praise of the women it ought also to be remarked, that when the safety of any individual was concerned, they laid aside their opinions, and allowed their most ardent passions to subside. Having, by the exaggeration of the men who governed them, foregone the duties of their sex, provided they had received the smallest share of education, they were almost certain to be brought back to these duties, and to be moved to compassion, when an act of humanity was proposed to them.

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CONDUCT OF WOMEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

THE finest country in the world through its position; the most brilliant, if its resources, and the productions of art and nature with which it abounds, be considered; the most tranquil, and the most attractive by its manners, was suddenly overspread by a dark and mournful veil. An immense subversion was operating; and in an instant every object was made to change its form and place, by the most violent convulsions, such as could not fail to impress an universal terror.

In the midst of these terrible events, the women, who, a little time before, were the ornament of society, remained motionless through surprise rather than through fear. Feeble and timid as they were in their nature, and born for repose, they shunned a tranquil retire-

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ment, and laid aside their apprehensions. The flame had burst forth, blood had been spilled, and in their view every thing was annihilated. The apprehension alone of not being useful occupied all their thoughts. Their eyes were bathed in tears, which flowed from sentiment alone. Where were they? Far from dangers, in obscure retreats, which their natural timidity should have induced them to seek? No—many of them were to be seen surrounded by weapons, fire, and carnage, endeavouring to suspend, at the least, the crimes and massacres which they could not prevent.

Do you notice those females who, with looks of terror and dismay, are hastening along the road? They flee! and the burthen which they carry is their dearest treasure. In their flight they tremble for its safety; for this treasure is their children.—Having been unable to rescue their husbands from the

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perils with which they were menaced, they are repairing with speed to the nearest frontier, to confide to safe custody their precious charge; and, without enabling their exhausted strength to recruit itself by a short interval of repose, they will return to plunge themselves once more in the dangers to which those they have left behind them, the dearest part of themselves, are still exposed.

The prisons fill; denunciations are levelled against affrighted innocence; and access to the administrations where appeals are made is difficult to gain. The beings who are seen at day-break at the threshold of the office-doors are women. Insensible to the piercing cold, they have passed the night on the ice-clad steps, with the uncertain hope of presenting a simple memorial, which would move to compassion any one but the monster by whom it is spurned.

See, beneath the long arch-way of

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that prison, a woman, worn out with fatigue, and bending beneath the weight of the burden which she sustains. Weak and delicate as she is, she has recourse to an extraordinary stratagem to gain access to her son, who is separated from her by a vile prison. During a month she has accustomed herself to carry heavy loads, and having disguised herself as a porter, contrives to accomplish her affectionate purpose. One day, however, the cruelty of the gaolers is such, that they load her feeble frame with an enormous weight. She sinks beneath it on entering; but is still happy to breathe her last sigh in the presence of a son she adored, and to cast on him the last look she has to bestow.

Dreadful insurrections,—prisons,—scaffolds,—massacres,—fires,—all the accompaniments of terror, present on all sides women employed in diminishing their horrors. Here, behold them wiping away the tears which fall; and

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there endeavouring to heal the wounds which have been inflicted; while still further on, some are occupied in consoling and encouraging a devoted victim *. In short, on every side men are creating miseries, on every side women are endeavouring to alleviate and repair them.

* While I am writing, the information reaches me, that the wife of a negro general, serving under Toussaint l'Overture, is of so tender and humane a disposition, that she exposes herself to every risk to save the unfortunate prisoners in the terrible warfare of St. Domingo. Her husband, enraged at this display of commiseration, has threatened a thousand times to put her to death; but nothing can shake her steady resolution. She is less apprehensive of the execrable ferocity of her husband, than of ceasing to be sufficiently useful to the victims of the war. Thus, therefore, among a race of uneducated beings, a woman can feel a profound sentiment of pity for those whom she is taught to consider as her enemies! Humanity, the first of virtues, and the most useful to social order, has established its dominion over her breast! Her life is marked by memorable traits of heroism, which might shed a lustre on that of the most enlightened and courageous men!

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And you, respectable and unfortunate princesses, whose courage appears to have been equal to your misfortunes, what admirable examples of perseverance have you not exhibited in your adversity! more exposed to observation than other women over whom your rank gave you an ascendancy, and suddenly hurled, as you were, from the pinnacle of greatness, by unexpected misfortunes, you might have become more depressed than they were. But you were resolved to vie with the whole of your sex in courage and sensibility.

Admire that female whose carriage, at once awful and mild, indicates every virtue! It is Madame Elizabeth. Stationed with the King, whose dangers she shared, this tutelary and bright angel of candour and innocence, soothed and consoled him by her presence. The doors of the palace having been forcibly broken open by a band of armed ruffians, the name of the Queen, their de-

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voted victim, was vociferously repeated. In their hurry, these assassins mistook Madame Elizabeth for her sister-in-law, and were about to put her to death. The persons by whom she was defended being on the point of naming her, she exclaimed, *do not undeceive them*; and, to save the Queen, exposed herself to dangers from which she escaped, for that time, by the interposition of Divine Providencee. Sublime expression! Pathetic energy! The remembrance of it is for ever consecrated in every feeling breast.

Friendship, that divine sentiment, which, however pure and exalted its origin may be, is not always productive of sacrifices equal to those that result from the more violent passions, led Madame de Lamballe to a display of affectionate attachment at the recollection of which our tears will flow.

My respect for truth, as well as for the memory of the above unfortunate

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princess, induces me to enter into some details relative to her conduct towards the Queen, amid the storms and convulsions of the revolution.

Madame de Lamballe came to France, endowed with the ingenuousnes of infancy, embellished by the lustre of youth, and gifted with the mild and bland virtues which accompany that happy time of life.

She was delivered up to a master, rather than to a husband; and this master was one of those weak men whose non-entity of character renders them depraved. The precepts and the example of this virtuous woman did not correct his vicious qualities, nor curb his unbridled passions. She drew forth praises from him, and obliged him to respect her; but could never acquire an ascendency over his corrupted heart.

In this situation, as painful as it was delicate, she acquired the constant love and esteem of her father-in-law, the Duc

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de Penthievre, that amiable and benevolent character, whose name, respected amid the general depravation of morals, implied every virtue and good quality.

The early widowhood of Madame de Lamballe made her feel it a duty to seek the retreat of the Abbey of St. Antoine. She there formed a friendship for several respectable persons, to whom she became so strongly attached, that the world she afterwards frequented could never efface them from her recollection, nor divert her for a moment from the study of their interest.

She again appeared at court, blooming with the glow of health, and replete with elegance and grace. The Queen being desirous to procure her an establishment, requested for her the superintendance of her household, and, with a view to the enjoyment of a select society of friends, took up her residence in the house of Madame de Lamballe. She was followed thither, however, by

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the ancient forms of the court, and by the dignity of rank, which influenced the choice of the persons by whom she was surrounded.

This was the epoch of a most tender union between the Queen, who was then young, and the youthful princess of Lamballe; and when this intimate connection had in some measure ceased, by the intervention of other objects, the love and confidence which subsisted between these illustrious personages were still unabated.

The confidence which the Queen reposed in Madame de Lamballe was fully justified by the conduct of the latter, which was marked by an inviolable discretion, a respectful ignorance of what it was found expedient to dissemble, and a scrupulous delicacy in the few counsels she was allowed to give to one of a superior rank, as well as in the very few solicitations and demands she was induced to prefer. These solicitations

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were as honourable to her discernment, as they were illustrative of her reserve in employing her credit; and it would not be a feeble homage rendered to her memory, to name those whom she distinguished by her services, and those to whom she was induced to deny her support.

Having many friends, but little credit, and a very inconsiderable number of creatures; possessing many social qualities, combined with a taste for the fine arts, and living in a style destitute of parade; such was the situation of Madame de Lamballe at the disastrous epochs when her sublime character was displayed by the great events which were passing. The blood of prince Eugene was not dishonoured. Prudence appeared to her to be cowardice; and gratitude and attachment were converted into an heroic devotion, and a sense of duty. Immense and cruel sacrifices were as little difficult to her as

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the daily accomplishment of the easiest task.

Having been informed at Aix-la-Chapelle of the forlorn condition of the Queen, resulting from the forced removal of the greater part of her household, Madame de Lamballe voluntarily precipitated herself into the abyss, which her foresight had, in the first instance, enabled her to shun. She did not hesitate, but displayed a greater earnestness to share the perils of the Queen, than she had ever manifested to partake of her pomp and splendour. She stationed herself courageously on the side of the King on the fatal twenty-third of June, when the destruction of the regal dignity anticipated the immolation of the monarch himself. From that moment she was exposed to the most indecent attacks and the most violent outrages; but, while she despised her persecutors, she was not awed by them. By this courage, the result of mature reflection,

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and which was as free from ostentation as from timidity, together with a calm and studied resignation, which braved the dangers it perceived, for the purposes of usefulness, Madame de Lamballe was constantly distinguished, until the fatal moment; when her catastrophe displayed the most striking example of ferocity with which human depravity has terrified the world, and disgraced the annals of France*.

I have already spoken of the Queen as she was to be considered in a political point of view. I shall now describe her at the time when, divested of all the pomp of royalty, she was to be simply regarded as a female replete with energy, struggling courageously against the greatest of misfortunes.

Those who have regretted that she was not more consistent in her conduct, and that she did not occasionally display

* It is well known that she perished on the 2d of September, at the door of one of the prisons.

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a higher tone of decision, would do well to put themselves in her place. Her real misfortune consists in her having possessed qualities, as well as defects, altogether different from those of the King. Such an opposition of characters could not fail to render the qualities of the Queen useless, and to make her defects more conspicuous. Had she been the wife of Louis XIV. her natural dignity would have been interpreted as greatness of soul; but being as she was, the wife of the modest Louis XVI. it was considered as having its foundation in vanity. Her influence having been for a long time directed towards trivial objects, her consequence was diminished; and several of the virtues she possessed as a sovereign princess, were obscured by circumstances which induced her to act the part of a private individual, — a part which she assumed with too much readiness, and which the modesty of the King converted into a description of

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merit. Counselling the monarch, in the first instance, with the frankness which belonged to her character, and habits of thinking, and afterwards conducting herself submissively, in conformity to the principles of resignation of Louis XVI. the necessary result was the apparent inconsistency with which she has been reproached. Had she reigned alone, or in concert with a husband possessing the same dignity of character, she would have quitted the too simple life she had been led to embrace, and have suddenly elevated herself to the level of existing circumstances, and would have contended for the crown with those who had resolved to wrest it from her.

In reviewing the noble and affectionate conduct of Madame, the King's daughter, now the Duchess of Angouleme, we shall find all the principles of the greatness of soul which she inherited from her mother, and shall discover the source of the courage which, at so early

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an age, commanded, during her imprisonment, the respect and admiration of her persecutors. To the private lessons of the Queen may be ascribed the premature qualities which supplied her with so many pathetic expressions relative to her distressed situation, and which excited in her breast the emotions of a deep sensibility for her unhappy family, at the same time that she did not utter an expression of hatred against her country, which had been to her the source of so many tears.

To form a correct judgment of the character of the Queen, during the revolution, it is necessary to recur to the moments of leisure and retirement, when she was completely mistress of herself, and was enabled to summon up all her resources.

Let us accordingly follow her to the tribunal, an effort which requires all our courage. Judges who do not deserve the name of men, had the atrocity to

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accuse her of having corrupted the Dauphin. She arose, and exclaimed with a virtuous indignation—"*I appeal to every mother.*"—In the records of antiquity no reply can be found more interesting than this.

Let us likewise recollect the moment when the King required of her to save her life by setting out for Vienna. The injunction which she received on that occasion was imperative; and the means for the accomplishment of the purpose it had in view were secured, and in readiness. "*No,*" said she to the monarch, "*to live and die at the feet of your Majesty is my station.*"

The Queen therefore possessed, on different occasions, every description of courage human nature can display.

If, in general, we take an impartial review of the conduct of women, during the revolution, we cannot fail to observe that, with the exception of one alone, Madame Dub. . . . they did not betray

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a moment of weakness. In the firmness they displayed the characteristic traits of each of them were decidedly marked. By comparing the two sexes, under this point of view, it will be seen that the courage of the men is nearly the same, while that of the women has a variety of shades and gradations.

Let us observe the sublime energy of the Queen and Madame Elizabeth in their last moments. Each of them was possessed of courage, and each of them rose superior to her misfortunes. But how different were the shades of character! While the one was firm, the other was serene. The former of these illustrious personages was great on earth; while the latter, before she had quitted this sublunary world, appeared to have already taken her flight to heaven. The Queen, surrounded by those who sacrificed her, viewed them haughtily, without fearing them; while Madame Elizabeth felt a compassion for her assassins, and had

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already forgotten their crimes and her own sufferings. She had not, however, forgotten the poor wretches who perished at the same moment with herself. She exhorted them, afforded them consolation, and endeavoured to rouse them from their lethargic stupor. She appeared, indeed, to have undertaken a new character, and, having ceased to be a victim, to have become a celestial envoy, sent to assemble and to convey to the eternal abodes, the souls she had taken under her protection, and which were purified by her own.

O woman! sweet gift of heaven! You who have been to us, at all times, an inexhaustible source of happiness and pure delight, what would become of us, without your tender assiduities, in the hour of despair and sorrow? How many tears have you not dried up, and how

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many wiped away? How many minds, which misfortune has deranged, have not been restored by you to reason? How many wretched and proscribed beings have you not succoured and protected by your generous and noble conduct? And how many sublime traits of heroism has not your energy inspired?

In the midst of perils and of terrors, the weaker sex has gained the wreath of courage and humanity.

HISTORICAL DETAILS OF THE SACRIFICES MADE BY WOMEN DURING THE REVOLUTION.

Among the women who rendered themselves conspicuous in the progress of the revolution, one of the most extraordinary is Charlotte Corday. She was born in Normandy, where her parentage was respectable; and it would appear

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that political fanaticism alone, and not, as was at first imagined, a tender but ill requited passion, led her to deliver the earth from a monster, who ought to have been secured by the hands of justice, instead of perishing by the poniard of an innocent woman. The counsellor whom chance provided for her, on her trial, was Monsieur Chauveau Lagarde, a man endued with courage and eloquence, who was unremitting in his attendance at the bloody bar of Robertspierre, to be in readiness to rescue the victims delivered over to their infernal judges, until he himself was thrown into a prison, the doors of which he had unbarred to several unfortunate men. I could address myself to no one so well as to him, on the subject of the horrid details of the revolutionary tribunal; and from him I have received the interrogatory of Charlotte Corday, which I now publish as an extraordinary testimony of courage and magnanimity.

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The details which follow are dictated by Monsieur Chauveau Lagarde.

MEMORIAL OF THE TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY, BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

When Charlotte Corday was brought before the tribunal, and placed at the bar, the president, after the usual forms, asked her, if she had employed any advocate: she answered that she had made choice of a friend; but as she had not heard from him, she supposed that he had not sufficient courage to undertake her defence.

The president perceiving me in the hall, where I was upon other business, said to the prisoner; "The tribunal has officially named for your advocate the Citizen Chauveau Lagarde."

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I immediately took my situation near her.

Not knowing me, she surveyed me with some expressions of dissatisfaction; as if she apprehended that I should undertake her defence upon grounds, which she would infallibly have disavowed.

The trial commenced, and was terminated in less than half an hour.

No painter, at least none that I am acquainted with, has faithfully pourtrayed this extraordinary woman. They may have given us a tolerably exact resemblance of her majestic yet graceful form, of her long hair flowing carelessly upon her shoulders, of her eyes shaded by large eyebrows, and of the oval shape of her face; but it was totally beyond the power of art to paint the noble soul, which animated every feature of her countenance.

It is precisely the same with respect to her trial. It would have been easy to

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have copied, as I am about to do, her literal replies; but the journalists of that period did not dare to publish them.

There is besides one point in which their description must have failed; and which is precisely that which made the deepest impression upon me; I mean the tone of her almost infantine voice, which was constantly in unison with the simplicity of her appearance; and the undisturbed serenity of her countenance; but which at the same time appeared to be so little in consonance with the opinions and sentiments which it expressed.

It would be equally fruitless to attempt to convey a just idea of the effect, which her appearance produced upon the jury, the judges, and the immense concourse of people, which filled the body of the hall; they seemed to me to contemplate her, as a judge, who had summoned all of them to her supreme tribunal.

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In a word, this mental part of the proceedings is to her trial, what her physiognomy was to her form. It is a something which may be sensibly felt, but which cannot possibly be described.

I confine myself therefore to transcribing literally, and without any remarks, the principal questions which were put to her, and her answers: history may probably find in them the first outlines of a picture which I have neither the ability, nor the inclination to undertake.

After she had declared the project, which she had conceived two months before, of killing Marat in the very bosom of the assembly; "I wished," said she, "to have immolated him upon the summit of the mountains." She added, that if she could have persuaded herself of the success of that project, she should have preferred it to all others.

"I was certain in that case," said she, "that I should have instantly fallen a

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victim to the fury of the people; and that was what I desired. They would have considered me as an emissary from London; *and my name even would have remained unknown.*"

She afterwards explained the cause of her preferring an introduction to Marat at his own house; and the means by which she obtained the interview; namely by writing two letters to him describing the necessity of her seeing him privately and alone; and when it was observed to her that this method was perfidious; "I agree," replied she, "that this method was unworthy of me; but all means are good when employed in the salvation of our country. Besides I was compelled to *appear to esteem him* in order to approach him:—*such men are suspicious.*"

The trial then commenced.

Q. Who had inspired you then with so much hatred for Marat?

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A. I had no need of other people's hatred: I had sufficient of my own.

Q. But the idea of killing him must have been suggested to you by some person?

A. They execute a project badly, who have not themselves conceived it.

Q. What then inspired your particular hatred for him?

A. His crimes.

Q. What do you mean by his crimes?

A. The devastation of France; which I consider as his work.

Q. That, which you call the devastation of France, is not the work of him alone.

A. That may be; but he has employed all means to accomplish the general ruin.

Q. What could you hope to effect by putting him to death?

A. To restore peace to my country.

Q. Do you believe then that you have assassinated all the Marats?

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A. That one dead—the others, perhaps, will fear.

A serjeant having arrived with the poniard which she had used, it was presented to her; and she was asked, if she knew it?

At that moment, and at that moment only, her countenance betrayed emotion: she turned away her head; and putting back the poniard with her hand, said, in a faltering tone of voice, "Yes—I know it; I know it." It is known that she found Marat in the bath; and consequently she had plunged the weapon in his breast *perpendicularly*.

The public accuser observed to her, that she had doubtless given the blow this direction on purpose that it should not fail, from an apprehension that if she had struck him *horizontally*, she might have encountered a rib;—and be detected.

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" You must have been well exercised in this sort of crime!"

A. Oh, the monster! he takes me for an assassin.

This answer, like a clap of thunder, put an end to the sitting.

The public accuser made his observations; after which, the president said, in the usual form, " The examination is concluded. Let the advocate for the prisoner speak."

At these words, and when I arose to speak, a confused murmur ran through the assembly; and to that succeeded, if I may so express it, the silence of death, which chilled me to the very soul.

During the time that the public accuser was speaking, the jury enjoined me to silence; and the president confined the ground of my defence to a plea of insanity. They were all anxious that I should degrade her.

She herself remained perfectly tran-

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quil, without the least change of countenance: she merely cast upon me an expressive glance, indicative of her desire that I would not attempt to exculpate her. In fact, the disclosure of circumstances which took place on the trial, independently of her own confessions, afforded *lawful proof of premeditated homicide.*

Firmly resolved, however, to fulfil my duty, I was desirous of saying nothing which my own conscience, or the accused, might disavow, and all at once the idea suggested itself, that I would confine myself to one single observation, which, in an assembly of the people, or of legislators, might have served as the ground work of a complete defence; and accordingly I said —

" The accused avows with cool indifference, the horrible attempt which she has committed; she confesses, with cool indifference, that she had long pre-

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meditated it; she relates, with cool indifference, all the most dreadful circumstances that accompany it; in a word, she acknowledges every thing of which she is accused; she glories in it all, and seeks not the slightest extenuation of her conduct. *Mark then her only justification.* This unruffled serenity, in a young woman of her age; this sublime self-denial, as it were in the very face of death, spring not from natural causes; they must be attributed to political fanaticism, which placed the poniard in her hand; and it is your province to weigh this consideration in the balances of justice."

As I spake, an air of satisfaction beamed on her countenance.

The votes of the jury having been taken, they were, as might be expected, unanimous in her condemnation.

The president pronounced sentence of death and confiscation of property.

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She was then asked, if she had any objection to move against the judgment of the law.

She made no reply, but desiring to be conducted to me, she addressed me with much suavity and grace; and said,

" Sir, I return you many thanks for the courage with which you have conducted my defence in a manner worthy of yourself and of me. These gentlemen, (meaning the judges, to whom she turned round) these gentlemen confiscate my property: but I am desirous of giving you a real proof of my gratitude; *I request you to pay for me whatever I may owe in the prison*; and I rely upon your generosity *."

She was then conveyed to the *Conciergerie*, which she quitted only to ascend the scaffold; and having never seen her since, I only know by hearsay,

* Her debts did not amount to thirty-six livres in assignats; which I paid the next day to the keeper of the prison of the *Abbaye*.

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that she went thither with the same composure, which she had evinced upon her trial.

Here concludes the narrative of M. Chaveau-Lagarde.

Anxious as I am to omit no traces of the courage of heroism, which have distinguished women in the course of our revolution, I could not do better than avail myself of the elegant pen of M. Legouvé; I have, therefore, with his permission, enriched my work with the affecting notes which conclude his spirited poem on the *Merit of Women.*

It is impossible to reflect without admiration and gratitude on the courageous attachment, the indefatigable perseverance, which the women in general manifested during the reign of terror, towards those proscribed victims, to whom they were bound by the ties of nature, of affection, or of marriage.

At first they assembled together to the number of five or six hundred, and

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presented in a body, a petition to the National Convention, in behalf of the proscribed.—Since that period, in every city where there have been imprisonments or massacres, there are no dangers which the women have not braved; no means of supplication which they have not tried; no sacrifices which they have not yielded, in order to preserve, or even to see and to console the objects of their affection: and more than once, when they have been unable either to obtain their liberty, or to preserve their lives, they have voluntarily shared their captivity and their fate. It would have afforded me great pleasure to have rendered a just homage to all these heroines, by recording their names, and the memorials of their magnanimity; but how could I have collected such innumerable facts?—I have at least selected a few of them *.

* In the course of these narratives will occur the names of *la Bourbe, la Conciergerie, Plessis, Lux-*

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These will be sufficient to prove the truth of my assertion; and the goodness of these angels of consolation, who in those evil days, supplied the place of Providence.

Madame Léfort, in one of the western departments, trembles for the fate of her husband, imprisoned conspirator; and she purchased a permission to see him. At the close of the day she stole to his prison, taking with her a female dress besides the one she wore; she prevailed upon him to change his cloaths, and thus disguised as a woman to quit the prison and leave her there. The plan succeeded; and the husband escaped. The next day it was discovered that his wife was a prisoner in his stead. "*Wretched Woman*," said the officer to her in a threatening tone, "*what have you done?*" "My duty," replied she. "*Do yours.*"

embourg, l'Abbaye, Sèvres, and *Port Libre*; these were prisons at Paris.

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A similar circumstance took place at Lyons. One of the inhabitants was about to be arrested; his wife was apprised of it; she hastened to acquaint her husband of his danger, gave him her money and jewels, and compelled him to fly, and dressed herself in his apparel. The officers arrive and demand him; his wife presents herself, and is conducted to the committee.—Their mistake is detected.—She is interrogated respecting her husband; she replies that he has escaped, and that she glories in exposing her own life to save his. They threaten her with the torture, if she will not discover the route he has taken. "*Strike when you please!*" exclaims she, "*I am prepared.*"—They declare to her, that the interest of the country commands her to speak; she replies—"*Our country does not command us to violate our nature.*"

Some agents of Robespierre were sent to *Ferté-sous-Jouarre* to arrest the citizen

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Regnard, formerly mayor of that city. He was accused of having shewn too much respect to the King, when he received him at that place, on his return from Varennes. His wife attempted to justify his conduct to the commissaries; but persuading herself that she saw in their looks the inevitable death of her husband, she rushed into her apartment overcome with despair. She stripped herself of every thing that was valuable about her person, ran to the end of her garden which overlooked the Marne, and precipitated herself into that river. The citizen Regnard, when a prisoner in the Luxembourg, learnt the dreadful fate of a wife, who amply merited his regret, by her attachment and her virtues.

Paris, as well as the departments, witnessed a multiplicity of prodigies, the effects of conjugal affection.

Madame Lavalette, a prisoner with her husband in the *Bourbe* learns that

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he is summoned to the tribunal: she flies to him, hangs upon his neck, entwines her arms round his, and supplicates the turnkey to let them pass together. Yet this sad favour is denied her.

Madame Da.... * obtained that privilege. Her husband, formerly lieutenant-general of the presidial† of Riom, had been arrested in that district, and was ordered to be removed to the Conciergerie, though sinking under the weight of age and infirmities. Madame D.... foresaw the fate which threatened him, and wished to share it. There was no warrant of arrest against her: yet though perfectly at liberty, she leaped into the carriage that conveyed the prisoners of the departments to Paris. On their arrival there she was imprisoned with them, and a few

* Extract from a book entitled, The Philosophy of Happiness, by the citizen Delille Desalle, author of the Philosophy of Nature.

† A special court of judicature.

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months after perished on the scaffold by the side of her husband, whom she closely embraced.

Madame Lavergne, wife of the commandant of Longwy, raised her voice for him to the revolutionary tribunal, when he was examined there, in consequence of the surrender of that place. Unavailing effort! His sentence was pronounced in her presence.—She gave herself up to despair; she knew it would be certain death to utter the cry of *Vive le Roi* *; and she made the hall resound with her repetition of the words. In vain did the judges wish to consider her as insane; she persevered in repeating this sentence, so favourable to her design, until at length she obtained her own condemnation.

Madame Roland, wife of the minister, defended him at the bar of the Convention with as much firmness as

* Long live the King.

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eloquence. And when she was herself arrested, and no longer able to render him any service, she bequeathed to him the example of an intrepid death, by the composure with which she ascended the scaffold.

Madame Claviere *, the wife of another republican minister, exposed herself twenty times, after the 31st of May, to an arrest, by the conduct which she pursued in favour of her imprisoned husband. Claviere disdained to appear before the tribunal of blood where his enemies expected him, and himself plunged a dagger in his heart, repeating at the same moment these lines of Voltaire :

Les criminels tremblants sont traînés au supplice;
Les mortels généreux disposent de leur sort.

Madame Claviere received intelligence of the event: she arranged her affairs, consoled her children, and put an end

* Extract from an excellent work of the tribune Riouffe, entitled, *les Memoirs d' un Détenu.*

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to her own existence with the tranquillity of Socrates.

In the prison called Plessis, were lodged the unhappy victims who were brought to Paris for trial. One of these had a young and beautiful wife, who never quitted him. As she was walking in the court-yard with the other prisoners, her husband was called to the wicket. She was aware it was the signal of death, and would have followed him. The gaoler prevented her: but strong with despair, she overcame all opposition; she threw herself into the arms of her husband, and clung to him, determined at least to have the melancholy pleasure of sharing his sad fate. The guards separated them.—"*Barbarians!*" exclaimed she, "*I nevertheless will die.*" At the same time she sprung towards an iron gate, dashed her head against it, fell, and expired.

The Maréchal de Mouchy, who had been conveyed to the Luxembourg, had

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scarcely arrived when his wife was there also. She was informed the warrant of arrest did not extend to her; she answered, "*Since my husband is arrested, I am also.*" He is dragged to the revolutionary tribunal; she accompanies him thither. The public accuser acquaints her, that she is not summoned;—she replies, "*Since my husband is summoned, I am also.*" At length he received sentence of death; she mounted with him the fatal cart. The executioner observed to her, that she was not condemned: "*Since my husband is condemned, I am also.*" Such was her uniform reply. They were executed together.

If the ties of marriage, in these horrible times, could do so much for the unhappy, it may be conceived, that a more elevated, or more violent love, would not prove inferior in nobleness of mind.

The mistress of the citizen Caussé, a merchant at Toulouse, proves the fact.

The revolutionary committee of that

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city had condemned him. It was night when his sentence was pronounced, and therefore the execution was postponed till the next day. His mistress heard of the delay, and immediately conceived the design to avail herself of it, and release him from his executioners. An uninhabited house adjoined the place in which he was to pass the night; his mistress, who had sold every thing which she possessed, in order to distribute gold in his behalf, instantly bought this house. Thither she stole, followed by a female servant in whom she could confide. They both labour, and make a hole in the wall contiguous to the prison, sufficiently large to admit the captive, whom they wished to release: but then, how could they elude the guards with which the neighbourhood was guarded? The provident mistress had brought with her a military disguise, which served for this purpose. She herself, dressed as

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Gen-d'arme, and conducted him through the posts of the sentinels. In this manner they traversed the city, and even passed the very spot, where was already prepared the instrument which was to have destroyed the life which love had found means to preserve.

Love also saved a young man of Bourdeaux, who was thrown into one of the prisons of that city. The unwholesome air, which he breathed, had injured his health; and he was sent to the hospital. A young sister, named Thérèse, took upon herself the charge of attending him. He was handsome, and possessed the advantages of birth and fortune. His amiable countenance made an impression on the heart of the sister the first moment she saw him: having listened to the melancholy story of his sufferings and his fears, pity confirmed the resolution, to which a more tender sentiment had given birth; she determined to set him at

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liberty. Having communicated to him her design, without, however, acknowledging her attachment, she advised him to feign the most violent convulsions, and at length to assume the appearance of death. The young man performed his part admirably well.—Thérèse spread the sheet over his face in the customary manner; and when the physician came to him at the usual hour, she informed him that his patient had just expired; and the doctor, without a suspicion of the fraud, retired. In the evening, sister Thérèse, pretending that the pupils of the hospital had claimed the body of the deceased, caused him to be removed to the dissecting-room. Having succeeded in conveying him thither, she disguised him in the dress of a surgeon, who was in the secret, and by this means he escaped without observation. The stratagem was not discovered till the following day. Thérèse was interrogated upon

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the subject, and so far from dissembling the truth, she related the whole proceeding with such a striking frankness, that she received a free pardon. She had, however, excited a passion still more powerful than that with which she herself was inspired. The youth, whom she had saved, prevailed on her to visit him in his retreat, and falling on his knees, implored her to give a value to the life which she had saved, by becoming his wife. It may be supposed that she did not reject his suit, since she obtained happiness herself by bestowing it on him. They retired into Spain, and were there united in marriage.

A widow, in the prime of life, whose lover was imprisoned in one of the northern departments, displayed an energy which was not crowned by a success equal to that which attended the above instance of female heroism. She no sooner heard of his confinement, than

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she hastened to solicit his enlargement, but ineffectually. She asked either to be allowed to see him, or to be confined in the same dungeon; but every solicitation she could urge was refused. She flew to the prison, the front of which faced the street, and there waited for the first opportunity which should offer to obtain a sight of him. On his presenting himself at one of the windows, it is not difficult to conceive what each of the parties felt. She repaired several times to the same station, braving both the rain, the wind, and the centinels, still more pitiless than the weather, to obtain a short interview.* One day, however, at the in-

* The same incident perpetually occurred in Paris. In each season of the year not a day elapsed, during the tyranny of Robespierre, in which the garden of the Luxembourg palace was not filled with women, who, braving on the one hand the excessive heat of the sun's rays, and on the other the rigorous cold of winter, passed the

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stant of her arrival, a mournful spectacle presented itself; a cart, in which were her lover and several other victims, bound like criminals, setting out for the place of execution. On perceiving this, she darted on the horses, which she endeavoured to stop; and called the populace to her aid, beseeching them to prevent the death of the object of her love. She was seized by the attendants, from whose hands she endeavoured to escape, to embrace the unfortunate

morning there to catch a momentary glimpse of their imprisoned brothers, fathers, or husbands, stationed at the windows, or on the roof of the building. They thus waited an opportunity to address to them, or receive from them, a look, a gesture, a testimony of attachment and regret. Several of the Parisian females did even more than this. On the outside of some prisons, at the spot where the common sewers met, they leaned over their putrid channel, to maintain an intercourse with their friends and relatives, and to banish from them, by the tenderest protestations, the mistrust which is naturally attendant on misfortune.

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wretch they were hurrying to execution. Every effort she could make being ineffectual, she reproached them with their dastardly obedience to the tigers they served, and implored them to allow her to share the fate of him who was above every other earthly consideration dear to her. On their attempting to drag her from the spot, she seized a sabre which one of them held in his hand, and plunged it in her heart. At the sight of her blood, which gushed forth in streams, the populace collected together, and surrounded the soldiers, who stood motionless and appalled. While the lover betrayed the deepest emotions of terror, his unfortunate companions forgot the fate which awaited them, and were entirely absorbed in their reflections on his calamitous situation. In the meantime a party of municipal officers arrived, and ordered the corpse to be removed. The cart again set forward to its sanguinary desti-

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nation; the wretched victims it contained were executed; and the remembrance of the suicide of this magnanimous female was lost in the torrents of blood which were daily shed.

Madame C——r, to prove her love for an individual named Boyer, a devoted victim, formed the resolution to die. Being confined in the same prison with him, he was one day cited before the tribunal. His wretched companions were sensible that they should see him no more, and their whole attention was accordingly directed to his mistress, who appeared perfectly tranquil, and had withdrawn from the company to write. One of her friends, apprehensive that some fatal project might lurk beneath this apparent tranquillity, watched her narrowly, and intercepted a letter she had written to the public accuser. By this letter, in which she manifested her attachment to the re-establishment of royalty, or, in other words, demanded

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the death for which she eagerly panted; her friend learned what was passing in her mind. Madame C——r not receiving any intelligence, and being apprehensive that her letter had not reached its destination, wrote another, to prevent the miscarriage of which she took every precaution. In the interim, as her lover Boyer was among the list of those who had perished, she was not permitted to see the journals published in the evening. Addressing herself to her fellow prisoners, she told them she was certain of his death; and assuring them of her courage, requested them to conceal nothing from her. They confessed to her that her suspicion was but too true. She received the melancholy tidings with the greatest firmness, and once more retired to her apartment. She there read over all the letters of her lover, fastened them round her waist, and passed the night in weeping. On the following morning she

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dressed herself in her best apparel; and being seated at breakfast with the other prisoners, heard the tolling of the bell. *It is I*, she exclaimed joyfully, *whom they seek. Adieu, my friends; I am happy I am about to follow him.* Having pronounced these words, she cut off her fine hair, divided it among her friends, and bestowing on one a ring, and on another a necklace, made it a request that they would sometimes deign to bestow a look on her presents. She now quitted them, and hastened to the tribunal. She was there asked whether she was the author of the letter which had been the occasion of the summons. "*Yes, monsters,*" she replied, "*I addressed it to you. You have assassinated my lover; let your vengeance now fall on me; I offer you my head.*" On reaching the scaffold, she exclaimed, "*Here he perished yesterday at this hour. I see his blood. Hasten, executioner, to mingle with it that of the female who adored him.*" Having

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uttered these words, she bowed her neck to the guillotine, repeating, until the last moment, the name of the object of her affections.

Another female, after the death of her lover, distinguished herself by a transport of affection differently characterized, but equally tender in its nature.

She had been present at the execution of the unhappy man whom she loved most ardently. She followed the body to the spot where it was to be interred, together with those of other victims. She there endeavoured, by a bribe, to obtain from the grave digger the head. "Eyes," said she, "where love once reigned, and the lustre of which death has just extinguished; the finest flaxen locks of hair; and the graces of youth blended with the soft melancholy which misfortune shed over his brow,—such is the image of him whom I seek. An hundred louis' shall reward this service." Having obtained the promise of the

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head, she returned alone and trembling to the ground, where it was delivered to her, and carefully enfolded in her veil. Nature, however, was less powerful than love. This delicate female, exhausted by the struggles she had encountered, fell at the corner of the street St. Florentin, and revealed to the terrified view of the spectators the burthen she had hitherto so carefully concealed. She was sent before the revolutionary tribunal, the members of which regarded as a crime an act which ought to have moved them to pity. She was soon after led to the scaffold, enchanted with the hope of finding, in a better world, the object she had so passionately loved in this.

There is an effort still more glorious than that of a female offering herself as a sacrifice at the shrine of the man by whom she was beloved. It consists in dying for a faithless lover; and this superlative greatness of soul, is ex-

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emplified in the history of Madame C——.

A young man by whom she had long been beloved, and whose affection met with the tenderest return, at length forsook her, and became enamoured of Madame B——, a lady whose endearing qualities might have been urged in palliation of his inconstancy. This young man was, as well as Madame C——, apprehended in one of the departments; and the latter being thus united, by misfortune at least, to her inconstant lover, not only pardoned her rival, but also addressed to her several affectionate letters. The two prisoners learned, however, that an order had been given to remove them to Paris. The horror occasioned by the idea of perishing by the hands of the executioner induced them to request of Madame B——, to provide poison, and to meet them at the spot where they were to be embarked on board a galliot, on such a day, and at

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such an hour. With this request, the last they could make to her, Madame B—— felt it her duty to comply; and repaired at the appointed time to the spot which had been named to her, not without the most imminent risk of her own destruction. Her zeal was unavailing, her wretched friends having been sent off to Paris by land. They were there lodged in the prison styled the *Conciergerie*, into which it was impossible for her to gain admission. The young man, being desirous to see once more the woman whom he preferred, wrote to Madame B—— to request of her to throw herself in his way on the day of execution. That day arrived; and Madame B——, with all the courage of which she was mistress, proceeded to the street St. Honoré. Madame C——, however, being certain that she should not be again separated from him whose image was indelibly engraven on her heart, offered him every consolation she

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could bestow. Amid a crowd of terrified victims, the approaching hour of death was to her alone an interval of happiness and joy. As the vehicle in which they were conveyed was passing through a part of the street St. Honoré, Madame B—— saw from a window her lover and her rival, bound, at the side of each other. They nodded to her, and by their gestures bade her the most affectionate farewell. The young man expressed with his eyes all the grief he felt at being obliged to quit her; while his female companion, on the contrary, with a serene and cheerful countenance, seemed to say to her, *I am happier than thou art, I shall live with him for ever.* They disappeared: Madame B—— fell into a swoon, from which she did not recover until her friends had ceased to exist.

Fraternal tenderness was likewise productive of sacrifices worthy to be ranked among those of love and duty.

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The sister of a bookseller of Paris, named Gatty, being present when sentence of death was pronounced upon her brother, exclaimed *Vive le roi*, in the presence of the tribunal. She was desirous to perish with him, but this melancholy satisfaction was denied her; she was not executed until the ensuing day.

Madame de Maillé, confined in the Rue de Sevres, fell a victim to her affection for her sister-in-law. Being in the court of the prison at the time the names of those who were immediately under accusation were called over, she heard her own name pronounced. On her coming forward, she remarked that the baptismal name was not hers; and that consequently some other person must be meant. She was asked if she knew who that person was; but kept a profound silence. As those by whom she was interrogated were not ignorant that the name referred to her sister-in-law,

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who was under accusation, they ordered her to point out the retreat of the latter. *I do not wish to die*, she replied, but I should prefer death a thousand times to the shame of saving my own life at the expence of that of another. I am ready to follow you. Such was the effect of her magnanimity on the monsters, by whom she was interrogated, that she was spared, and is still living.

Madame Elizabeth might have escaped from the dangers by which the Bourbons were menaced, had she chosen to join her brothers who had quitted France; but she chose rather to neglect her own safety, than to abandon her unfortunate brother the King. She perished shortly after him, and in her last moments displayed all the tranquillity which belonged to her gentle and amiable disposition. In the vehicle in which she was conveyed to execution, her neck-kerchief fell off. Being exposed in this state to the view of the

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multitude, she addressed these memorable words to the executioner: *In the name of modesty I call on you to cover my bosom.*

After the surrender of Lyons, a young girl entered in a frantic state into the apartment where the committee sat, and exclaimed: "*My brothers alone are all who are left of my family. You have just ordered them to be shot: for mercy's sake allow me to die with them.*" In making this sad request, she embraced the knees of the judges; and on her being answered in the negative, drowned herself in the Rhone.

In the above city, and about the same time, five prisoners made their escape from a dungeon called *la mauvaise cave* (the unwholesome cellar). The means by which their escape was effected had been furnished by the sisters of one of them, a young man named Porral. These young women sacrificed a considerable part of their property to be enabled to

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gain access to their brother; and made several journies, in the prosecution of which they were exposed to the most imminent risks, for the purpose of supplying him with the instruments, necessary to effect his escape. In the employment of these instruments young Porral's courageous efforts were crowned with success, and he shortly after repaired, with his four companions, to the residence of his sisters, who assisted him in concealing himself from the search his flight had occasioned.

Almost every part of France was become a bloody amphitheatre, in which all the feelings of human nature contended for the dangerous honour of being useful to misfortune. Filial piety, however, in devoting itself to calamity, seems to have acquired a still stronger degree of interest, by the contrast between heroism on the one hand, and youth and innocence on the other.

Mademoiselles de Bussy and de Brion,

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the former aged fifteen, the latter nineteen years, accompanied their mothers to the prison in which they were confined, and which these young ladies were at all times at liberty to quit. They, however, chose rather to partake of the captivity of their parents; and when they were obliged to leave them, in conformity to the decree which banished the nobility from Paris, they shed torrents of tears. In their country retreat, in which they breathed a pure air, they were daily heard to regret the insalubrity of the horrid prison which they had been obliged to abandon against their will.

Madame Grimoard, since Madame Potier, manifested for her mother, Madame Lachabeaussiere, the tenderest and most affectionate concern. Having been sent to a different prison, she requested, notwithstanding she was pregnant, that she might be removed to Port-Libre, to be near her mother, and to afford her

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every assistance in her power. On her arrival she found that the latter was confined in a solitary dungeon, and treated with the utmost barbarity. She was so much affected by this cruelty, that she was occasionally bereft of her senses, and became the Nina, not of the stage, but of nature. She ceased to pay any attention to her dress; and suffered her hair to flow in wild disorder down her back. In this bewildered state, which excited the pity of all who saw her, she at times stood motionless, casting her eyes around her, without perceiving any one, and heaving deep and heavy groans, at the same time that her face and body were violently convulsed. At other intervals she rose up suddenly, ran through the passages, and seated herself on the steps of her mother's dungeon. She continued to listen there for a considerable time; and if she could not hear any noise within, sighed, wept, and ex-

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claimed in a lamentable tone of voice: *O my mother! my dear and unhappy mother!* If she heard her mother tread, or was sensible of the smallest movement withinside, she entered into a conversation with her; and, to lengthen the arduous pleasure of this intercourse, she remained for several hours stretched out on the threshold of the door. She did not confine herself to words, but carried daily to her mother a part of her prison allowance, a supply which was the more necessary to her existence, as this unfortunate woman was frequently forgotten. When she came to ask the gaolers to open the door of the dungeon, she had to encounter, in accomplishing her purpose, sometimes refusals couched in the grossest language, and at other times the most disgusting propositions, and most indecent jests. This was to her of but little moment: she was prepared to endure every insult, provided she could present a portion of

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her food to her mother, and embrace her for a few moments. It might have been said that all the solicitude of a mother had infused itself into the soul of this tender and affectionate daughter.

The same praise is due to Mademoiselle Delleglace, whose father was ordered to be removed from a dungeon at Lyons to the *Conciergerie* at Paris. Until that time she had not quitted him; and asked permission of the guard to enter the carriage in which he was to be conveyed to the capital. She could not obtain this indulgence; but in such cases the heart surmounts every obstacle in its way. Notwithstanding she was of a very delicate constitution, she resolved to reach her destination on foot; and followed, for a space of more than an hundred leagues, the vehicle in which her father was seated, without losing sight of it for a moment, unless to procure him food in the towns through which the road passed, or, in the evenings, to beg a blan-

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ket to cover him for the night, in the different dungeons in which he was lodged. She did not cease for a moment, either to accompany him, or to administer to his wants, until she was separated from him by the gates of the Conciergerie. Having been accustomed to soften the hearts of gaolers, she did not despair of being enabled to disarm those by whom her parent was oppressed. For the space of three months she did not fail, every morning, to solicit in his favour the leading members of the committee of public safety; and at length succeeded in overcoming their denials. Proud of having rescued her father from destruction, she accompanied him to Lyons; but heaven did not permit her to enjoy, in this world at least, the fruit of her labour and assiduity. She fell sick on the road, exhausted by the excessive fatigues she had undergone, and thus sacrificed her own life to save that of the author of her existence.

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Mademoiselle de Rochefoucauld was equally courageous in defence of her father, who had, as well as herself, been sentenced to death in the war of La Vendée. By her address she prevented him from being apprehended, and concealed him at the house of a mechanic, who had formerly been a servant in the family, seeking elsewhere an asylum for herself. They were thus both of them sheltered from persecution; but as their property had been confiscated, and as compassion is worn out by importunities, their resources were soon exhausted. Mademoiselle de la Rochefoucauld learned that her father was on the point of falling a prey to want, and being unable, as she herself was nearly in the same predicament, to afford him any assistance, she resolved to devote herself to death for his sake. A republican general happening to pass at the time through the place in which she had sought refuge, she informed him, in a letter couched in

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the most pathetic terms, of the deplorable situation of her father, offering to submit to the mandate pronounced against her, if he would engage to afford instant relief to her aged parent, who was perishing through want. The general instantly paid her a visit; but, instead of finding in him an enemy, she met with a protector. He bestowed on the father the needful succours, saved the daughter, and, after the fall of Robespierre, put them once more in possession of their property, by obtaining the abrogation of their sentence.

The anecdote of Mademoiselle Bois-Berenger, the younger, is equally to be admired, and is perhaps still more affecting. The act of accusation had been preferred against her mother, father, and sister; while she alone appeared to have been forgotten by the murderers of her family. How many tears did this sad preference cause her to shed! In her despair she exclaimed, "*It is thus that I*

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am condemned to survive you! We shall not die together!" She tore her hair from her head, embracing alternately her mother, sister, and father; and, while she bathed them with her tears, repeating in a sorrowing tone, "*We shall not be permitted to die together!*" The act of accusation, after which she had so earnestly panted being at length arrived, instead of weeping, and expressing her regret, she gave vent to the most immoderate transports of joy; and having again embraced her parents, exclaimed, "*We shall die together!*" It might have been supposed that she held in her hand the order for their deliverance, and her own. She dressed herself as if she had been going to an assembly, and cut off the tresses of her fine head of hair. On quitting the Conciergerie she held in her arms her unfortunate mother, whose despondency was the only chagrin she felt; endeavouring to rouse her courage, and to afford her consolation. On their reaching the scaf-

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fold, she said to her, "*Be consoled; be consoled, I beseech you. Are you not happy? You do not carry the smallest regret to the grave: all your family accompanies you; and you are about to receive the reward of your manifold virtues.*"

Madame de Malezey, whose elegance equalled her beauty, displayed a similar constancy in her conduct towards her father, under sentence of condemnation. She watched over him incessantly; consoled him until the moment of his death; and expired on the same scaffold.

There have been several instances of women, who, solely from motives of humanity, have displayed that generous disregard for their existence, which others have manifested through an attachment to the most sacred bonds of union.

A short time after the 31st of May, Lanjuinais, an outlawed deputy, came to Rennes, and sought a refuge in the house of his mother, who had no other

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domestic in her service except an old waiting maid, from whom he considered that it was necessary to conceal the truth. Having one day read in a public print that Guadet had been executed at Bourdeaux, and that all the friends who had afforded him shelter had been comprehended in his proscription, without the exception of the servants who had neglected to make a declaration of his asylum, he saw the peril to which his presence exposed his mother's waiting woman, and resolved, at the risk of his life, to free her from danger. He informed her of his real situation, warned her of what she might reasonably apprehend, and urged her to quit the house, after having enjoined her profound secresy. She replied that she would not forsake him, however imminent the danger might become; and that she should meet death with a perfect unconcern, if she were to have the misfortune to lose him. All the entreaties he could urge were of

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no avail, as she still persisted in her resolution to abide by her old mistress, and her master, until the last moment. At length Lanjuinais allowed himself to be prevailed on; and, by the address of this female, remained concealed until the fall of Robespierre, when his protectress had the satisfaction to find that her virtuous obstinacy was rewarded by the safety both of the son and the mother.

Mary, a servant in a prison at Bourdeaux, treated those who were incarcerated there with so much feeling and humanity, that two young men, whom she had inspired with a great degree of confidence, were induced to apply to her to aid them in effecting their escape. Having consented to their escape, and having furnished them with the means, when they were on the eve of quitting the prison, each of them tendered her an assignat of five hundred livres, as a testimony of his gratitude. She was so much hurt by this offer, that she said to them, "*You*

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are undeserving of the service I am about to render you, since you have so little esteem for me, as to imagine that I am swayed by the paltry motives of interest." They observed to her, but ineffectually, that their only motive, in offering her money, was to shelter her from want; in case a suspicion of her having aided them in their flight, should oblige her to make her escape from the prison. Her reply convinced them that they must either forbear to speak of money, or refuse to accept the aid she had promised to afford them. They at length yielded, and asked her what pledge of their grateful sensibility they could leave in her possession. "*Embrace me,*" she replied; "*this is the only answer I have to give you.*"

Mademoiselle Boyer, a sempstress at Marseilles, was summoned before the tribunal of that place, as an evidence on the trial of an individual who had in reality been guilty of the revolutionary crime

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alleged against him. With a view to save his life, she gave a deposition in his favour; and paid on the scaffold the forfeit of this generous falsehood.

In the city of Brest a stranger entered the house of Madame Ruvilly, and demanded of her an asylum against the proscription. This unfortunate old man had attained his eightieth year. The compassionate disposition of the lady forbad her to think of the danger to which she was about to expose herself; the stranger was unhappy, which was to her a sufficient motive to afford him the shelter he solicited; and she accordingly hastened to administer to his wants and necessities. Two days after the old man was about to take his leave of her. Madame Ruvilly, whose delicacy had prevented her from asking him any questions, having expressed her surprise at his sudden departure, he confessed to her that he was a priest, observing that as he was, on that account

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alone, devoted to persecution, he was apprehensive that he might endanger her safety by a longer stay in her house. "*Permit me*," continued he, "*to free you, by my absence, from the dangers to which you exposed yourself when you afforded me a shelter, and spare me the grief of having involved you in my own destruction.*" "*But where will you retire to?*" said Madame Ruvilly. "*God will provide me a retreat*," said he. "*What!*" said she, "*have you then no place of retreat, and would you wish me to suffer your departure?— No — the greater your danger, the more interest I take in your safety. I pray you remain in this house, and hope for more tranquil days.*" The old man refused her offer, and in spite of her earnest entreaties, remained unconquered in this combat of generosity. Madame Desmarets, sister of Madame Ruvilly, who was at that time on a visit at her house, was present at this affecting scene, and preserved inviolably the secret. But the eyes of

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tyranny are always watchful, and this act of hospitality was by some means discovered. Madame Ruvilly gloried in the service which she had rendered to the old priest, even in the presence of her judges; and was only afflicted to find that her sister was condemned as an accomplice with her, for not having betrayed the secret. These two females yielded nobly to their fate, under the conscious pride of dying for a generous action.

Madame Bedée, and Madame Bouquey, residing, the one at Landujan, and the other at Bourdeaux; Mademoiselle Cauchois, a haberdasher at Dieppe, with many others, had also the glory of perishing for having exercised the duties of hospitality towards the miserable proscribed ministers of religion of various denominations.

Madame Payssac residing at Paris, not merely granted but even proffered the asylum of her house. Rabaud de St. Etienne was outlawed by the proceedings

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of the thirty-first of May; Madame Payssac entreated him to accept her hospitalities. In vain he demonstrated the danger to which she would expose herself; such was the energy of her humanity, that she overcame every scruple of Rabaud. He was, however, discovered at her house; and soon afterwards she followed him to the scaffold, with the same courage which she had displayed, when he had first described to her the peril of her hospitality.

Condorcet, at this period of time, was proscribed and pursued. A female friend proposed to him her house for a place of concealment. He refused it, exclaiming, "*You would be deprived of the rights of a citizen!*" "*Alas!*" replied she, "*am I deprived of the rights of humanity?*" This answer did not shake his resolution. In a short time after he was found killed by his own hands, at a village near Paris.

Madame le Jai, a bookseller at Paris, succeeded better; she entertained the

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deputy Doulcet de Pontécoulant; and so ingenious was her zeal, that she preserved her own life and that of the deputy.

The niece of a sexton at Brussels was equally fortunate in succouring a Frenchman, who had fled thither for refuge in those days of blood. It was after the battle of Flurus, when the French troops retreated into Belgium. In danger of being taken prisoner at Brussels, he was flying from his pursuers, when passing by a door at which a young woman was sitting, instigated by pity, she called out to him to stop, adding, "*You are lost if you proceed.*" "*And if I return,*" replied he, "*I am lost also.*" "*Well then,*" said she, "*enter here.*" He accepted her offer. — After having acquainted him that the house belonged to her uncle, who would not suffer her to shelter him, if he knew it,—she conducted him to a barn, where she concealed him. Scarcely was it dark, when

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some soldiers came to take up their quarters for the night, in this very barn. The niece watched them unperceived; and when they were asleep, she crept softly to the place, where she had hidden the young man from harm, to remove him from a situation which had become so dangerous. Just, however, as he was quitting the barn, one of the soldiers awoke, and seized him by the hand. In an instant she glided between them, exclaiming, "*Leave me alone, do—it is I—who—*" There was no occasion to finish the sentence: the soldier, deceived by the voice of a woman, released his captive. She then conducted her *protégé* to her own chamber; and taking from thence a lamp and the keys of the church, they proceeded thither, and at length arrived at a little chapel, which the ravages of war had despoiled of its decorations. Behind the altar, there was a trap door, which it was extremely difficult to discover.

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When it was lifted up, " You perceive," said she, " those dark steps; they lead to a vault, which holds the remains of an illustrious family; it is not probable that they will suspect you to be concealed in this gloomy retreat. Have the courage to remain here, and I will apprise you of the first favourable opportunity of effecting your escape." The Frenchman did not hesitate; he descended boldly. What was his surprise, when casting his eyes around, the first objects which he perceived by the light of the lamp, were the arms of his own family, which was originally of Brussels. He recognized the tombs of his ancestors; he saluted their remains with reverance, gazed with tender melancholy upon the marble which inclosed them. While he was indulging these reflections he sexton's niece retired. In the pleasng recollections thus recalled to his nind, and in the cherished hope of again eholding a wife, whom he adored, he

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for a considerable time forgot the horrors of his drear abode. Two days, however, having elapsed, without the return of his fair deliverer, he began to be terrified with a variety of apprehensions. Sometimes he imagined that she had fallen a victim to her generosity; and at others he was seized with the dreadful persuasion, that she had forgotten him. The dread of absolutely perishing through want of food, now added new horrors to his situation, and a more dreadful death appeared to threaten him, than that *from which he had escaped.* His spirits failed; his energies forsook him, and he sunk senseless on the coffin of one of his ancestors. At length a noise roused his attention; it was the voice of his tender-hearted deliverer who was calling him; the joy he felt in his exhausted state, overpowered him, and when he would have answered her, the power of utterance failed him. She, construing his silence into that of death,

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was seized with a chilling horror, and let the trap-door fall. The unhappy man, feeling all the horrors of his threatened fate, made a most violent effort, and shrieked aloud: she heard his screams, and returning, hastened to him with refreshment, and consoled him by an explanation of the causes of her long absence, and an assurance, that she had taken such steps as would infallibly prevent their recurrence. She was about to leave him, when the clashing of arms struck his ear; she instantly retired, and beckoned to the Frenchman to be silent. It was in fact a party of armed soldiers, who had accused the sexton of having concealed an emigrant in the church, and he being perfectly ignorant of the imprudence of his niece, had brought thither for the purpose of satisfying themselves of his innocence, by a strict search. No part of the church escaped their vigilant search; they examined every corner, and even marched

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over the trap-door. What a terrible situation for the two prisoners! Every step which they heard penetrated their hearts, and seemed to them the approach of their last moment. The noise, however, gradually subsided, and at length entirely ceased. The young woman then ventured forth, and cautiously surveyed the church, where a profound silence now reigned. She returned to quiet the alarms of the young Frenchman, and then retired. For several days after this event she regularly brought him his daily sustenance, until at length the moment arrived, when he was enabled to quit his subterraneous retreat with safety. He then bade a tender and respectful farewel to the manes of his ancestors, which had thus protected him, ascended living from the tomb, regained the open air, and swiftly flew to the embraces of a wife, whose fond and endearing caresses taught him still more highly to appreciate the be-

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nevolent interference of his generous deliverer.

If we consult the proceedings of Carrier, and of Joseph Lebon, we shall find, that many women, in order to snatch a father or a husband from death, were even compelled to yield to the brutal desires of these barbarians in whose power they were placed: and I am of opinion that nothing merits more the name of virtue, than this sacrifice of even virtue itself, this horrible torture of embracing monsters covered with blood and crimes, for the purpose of preserving a beloved object.

The noble action of Mademoiselle Sombreuil, during the massacres of September, is too generally known to require particular detail. It is just, however, that I should notice it in this place, as a new testimony of her devotedness to her father, that when one of the ruffians agreed to save him, he made it a condition that she should

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drink a glass of human blood. Filial affection empowered her even to yield to this horrible proposition. From that time she had frequent and regular fits of convulsions. She never relaxed, however, in her attentions to her parent; but shared his bondage, when he was again imprisoned during the reign of terror. The first time she appeared among the other prisoners, every eye, moistened with tears, was fixed upon her; and she received from every heart the acknowledgments due to virtue. The citizen Coëltant celebrated her in an affecting romance. Madame Rosambo addressed her in a sentence which reflects equal honour on them both. She was leaving the prison, in order to appear before the tribunal, in company with the venerable Malesherbes, when she perceived Mademoiselle Sombreuil.—"*You have had the glorious satisfaction to preserve your father, and I have the consolation to die with mine.*"

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The daughter of the worthy Cazotte* rescued him also from the hands of the murderers, during the massacres in the prisons. As this transaction is not known so well as the preceding one, it may be proper to relate the particulars.

Some days before the 2d of September, Mademoiselle Cazotte, who had been arrested and thrown into prison with her father, was pronounced innocent, and set at liberty;—but unwilling to leave her father alone, and without assistance, she obtained permission to remain with him. At length arrived those days of horror, destined to be the last of so many of the French. Mademoiselle Cazotte, by the beauty of her person, the sweetness of her manners, and the energy of her persuasion, had gained over to her wishes some Marsellois, who had entered into the

* Author of several ingenious works; such as *Olivier*, le Diable Amoureux, &c. &c.

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interior of the prison, and to whom she was indebted for the life of her parent. After a dreadful slaughter, which lasted more than thirty hours, the old man was condemned, and was on the point of perishing beneath the blows of a groupe of assassins, when his daughter rushed between him and the murderers, her hair dishevelled, her face pale as death, yet rendered still more interesting by her disorders and her tears. "*You shall not reach my father*," exclaimed she, "*until you have pierced my heart.*" A cry of pardon now reached her ears; an hundred voices echoed it; the Marsellois forced their passage to Mademoiselle Cazotte, and restored her father in safety to his rejoicing family.

This joy was, however, of short duration. On the 12th of September Cazotte was a second time thrown into prison. His daughter accompanies him to the Conciergiere, but is cruelly repulsed by the gaoler, and is refused admission. She

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flies to the minister of the interior, and by tears and supplications at length extorts permission to assist her father. She now passed her nights and days by his side, and never quitted him except for the purpose of interesting his judges in his favour, or of arranging measures for his defence. Already was she satisfied of the aid of the same Marsellois to whom she was on the former occasion so much indebted; already had she collected together the women, who had promised to second her efforts; she began even to hope,—when he was secretly murdered. Her zeal had awakened the apprehensions of the enemies of Cazotte, who resorted to that method of preventing his escape a second time. In short, during the absence of his daughter, they imbrued their hands in the blood of that man, whose venerable age, whose talents, and whose sufferings on the dreadful second of September, when the stroke of death hovered over his head during thirty

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hours, ought to have excited their respect and veneration. Mademoiselle Cazotte did not learn her dreadful loss until she was liberated; when her grief is not to be described. She was thus stripped of every consolation save that of softening the sorrows of her mother; and to this duty she devoted herself with all that tenderness of feeling with which nature has endowed her.

Conclusion of the Notes to the Poem of M. Legouvé.

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THE NINTH OF THERMIDOR *.

At length a period was put to the horrors which had so long desolated France. *The ninth of Thermidor* overthrew the scaffolds, opened the prisons, and destroyed those monsters who had been the authors, or the abettors, of so many miseries and crimes.

The dominion of terror was terminated by a sudden stroke. This most important event was accomplished in one single day; and one single woman, yes, one woman, † was in a great degree the author of this public blessing.

This person, whose courage ought to be recorded in the history of these times, was Madame Cabarus, so long known by the name of Madame Tallien.

* I can myself testify the truth of the facts and the authenticity of the letters contained in this article.

† Dux fœmina facti. VIRGIL.

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Robespierre, in the zenith of his power, was secretly tormented by a dread of several leading members of the assembly. Among the number of those, who revolted at the despotism of this monster, was Tallien. Such was the crisis of affairs, that Robespierre felt that he must himself perish, or that he must instantly crush those, who, though they seemed to submit to a power, which they dared not to resist, betrayed at the same time their discontent and impatience. Amidst this rage for proscription, he feared the courage of Barras, the unpolished but convincing eloquence of Legendre, and the address and popularity of Tallien. Madame Cabarus was at that time attached to the latter. Robespierre determined to conjure up a plot at Bourdeaux, with a view to ruin Tallien. One of his agents accordingly went to *Fontenay-aux-Roses*, to induce Madame Cabarus to enter into this horrid project, whose proposals she spurned with indignation. She was consequently

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imprisoned in one of the dungeons of Paris; and some days after, when it was supposed that terror and debility had overcome her courage, Robespierre sent one of his infernal agents to her prison. The bolts are drawn back; the infamous messenger enters, and addresses these words to Madame Cabarus, who had rested upon filthy straw, and had been barely kept alive by a small portion of black bread.

"I am come to offer to you life or death; reflect well upon the only means which can save you from the scaffold: Robespierre himself has sent me. The life of Tallien is incompatible with the welfare of the people; reasons of state compel the committee to proscribe him; then sign this paper, * which public interest requires of you. — Sign it, and this

* This was a letter, fabricated for the purpose, and addressed to Robespierre, exculpating herself, but indirectly admitting the existence of a plot at Bourdeaux.

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moment you shall be set at liberty; and thus by a submission to the proposal I offer you, you will at once preserve your country and yourself.

"Again I entreat you to reflect upon my offer; — my orders are to release you from your prison if you accept it; or on the other hand to lead you instantly to execution."

"Return to him, who sent you," answered Madame Cabarus. "Go tell Robespierre, that even in the depth of this dungeon, my courage is superior to his power. He trembles on his iron throne; and I am tranquil in my chains. Leave me then: — I will never purchase life by an unworthy action."

The messenger departed violently enraged. No sooner had he left her, than Madame Cabarus, reflecting on the few hours of life that probably remained to her, began to ruminate upon the means of apprising Tallien of the fate which awaited him, and of instigating him, if

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possible, by some bold effort to rescue France from the sanguinary grasp of her oppressor. This communication could only be effected by writing; and she despaired of being able to accomplish it. Being permitted to walk in an inner court-yard in the evening, as she was taking that exercise, and sorrowfully reflecting upon her project, the stump of a lettuce was thrown over the wall, and fell at her feet. She instantly picked it up, and perceived that it had been hollowed; she immediately hurried to her apartment, and upon examination discovered in the inside a note, which informed her, that an individual by this method offered to assist her; and that in the course of that night * she should be furnished with pens, ink, and paper, and the means of corresponding with her friends.

This good genius was a woman; and

* This happened on the 6th of Thermidor.

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she performed her promise. By her aid Madame Cabarus dispatched the following letter to Tallien:

"The minister of police has just left this place; he came to announce to me, that to-morrow I am to appear at the tribunal; that is to say, I am to ascend the scaffold. This is very unlike a dream which I have had to-night.—Robespierre was no more, and the prison doors were opened.—A brave man might perhaps have realised this dream; but, thanks to your notorious cowardice, there remains not one capable of accomplishing so much good. Adieu!"

These few words from a courageous woman aroused the energies of Tallien, and his friends; and the 9th of Thermidor ensued.

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"Be you as prudent, as I have been brave; and above all be tranquil."

It is not pretended that this conduct of Madame Cabarus was the direct cause of the important event of the 9th of Thermidor; but it is highly worthy of our admiration as evincing her great presence of mind, and her magnanimous fortitude. Nor ought it ever to be forgotten that this interesting woman, who was thus miraculously preserved, has devoted the meridian of her life to active and useful benevolence.

For a considerable time previous to the 9th of Thermidor, she managed the representatives of the people at Bourdeaux, and never was the influence of wit and beauty more happily employed. By her means the revolutionary committee was several times dissolved; and when she was unable to prevent the passing of those sanguinary laws by which it was

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re-established, she snatched so many victims from its horrible decrees, that there is scarcely a family in Bourdeaux which is not compelled to acknowledge her miraculous exertions with admiration and gratitude. At Paris a multitude of persons of both sexes, and of every condition, are indebted to her for their liberty, their fortune, and their life. I am myself among the number of those whom she has released from captivity. I cannot doubt, but that every individual whom she has preserved in times so trying, and so perilous, has evinced the profoundest gratitude. If there are any who are ungrateful, I pity them.

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SKETCH OF THE MANNERS AND CONDITION OF WOMEN IN MODERN EUROPE.

WITHOUT flattering the sex, I think I may assert, that there is scarcely a country in Europe, which has not furnished me with the history of some one celebrated and illustrious woman; though, excepting Margaret of Waldemar, Catherine the second, and Christina Queen of Sweden, who by her qualities of mind, her extraordinary life, and her abdication of the crown merits a place in history, few others have obtained a reputation of sufficient celebrity to be ranked with Elizabeth and Catherine the first.

I therefore confine myself in this slight sketch of modern Europe to that part of the subject which relates to the sex, whose history I am writing *.

* I am indebted for the most interesting parts of this chapter to M. Alexandre de la Borde. This intelligent young writer is already well

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It might be naturally expected that the condition of women in countries equally civilized, would be nearly the same; but the caprice of mankind, and the forms of governments, necessarily influence the laws concerning this part of society. It is principally to the degrees of independency allowed to women that these laws relate, and in this respect there is an endless variety of distinctions in the legislation of the different states of Europe.

The causes of these differences are not easily to be traced. How was it that in France the common law relative to hereditary succession, between male and female, was in several provinces so opposite to that of others? How is it that Germany, Poland, and Russia, differ so

known to the literary world by several productions of great merit. His travels in Spain are now in the press; and his description of an ancient Mosaic found in the city of Italica will soon appear.

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much in the proportion of property allotted to women? How is it that in different states of even the same quarter of the globe, we find the women excluded in one place from any pretension to the throne, while in another they ascend it by right of succession? The caprice of the powerful is the only reason that can be assigned. I shall not even attempt to investigate which system is the best; but shall merely mention a few examples. If women had been universally excluded from exercising the sovereign authority, Elizabeth, Joan of Naples, Christina, the two Catherines, and many others which might be named, would not have adorned the throne, nor have obtained from their grateful country, and the world at large, the title of *great men**.

If a greater or less share of independence has its proportionate degree of influence on the state of women, the par-

* Rex fuit Elizabeth; fuit et Regina Jacobus.
OWEN.

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ticular forms of governments have a still greater. Republics are as detrimental to their ambition, as monarchies are favourable to them. The important figure which they made in the early periods of the Roman Republic, has, it is true, been handed down to the present times; but the manners of society were then pure and uncontaminated. The women, if I may be allowed the expression, had at that time less of their sex in their distinctive qualities; and accordingly gained a greater celebrity by those they borrowed from the men, than by their own habitual means of seduction. They acquired admiration by the elevation of the mind, rather than by the graces of the body; and by the solidity of their sentiments, rather than by the subtility of their wit. A triumph of this nature is unnatural. Each of the sexes ought to acquire the kind of esteem which peculiarly belongs to it; and if a stoical energy, by which the sentiments of nature are sacrificed to

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the public good, be sought, it ought rather to be expected from the courage of men, than from that of a sex which should constantly be apprehensive of betraying itself, and of obeying the dictates of the heart, instead of consulting reason.

In Switzerland, in the days of William Tell, the women were, in common with the men, seized with the enthusiasm of liberty. At that time, however, the simplicity of their manners, and the pure love by which they were animated, assimilated them with the passions of their husbands. As soon as tranquillity was re-established in their native mountains, the absence of luxury, as well as of the arts which embellish society, allowed them no other pleasures than those which the bounteous hand of nature bestowed, and no other employment than the discharge of their duties. The young girls, associating with each other, and enjoying from their infancy a great share of liberty, preserved, amid their independence, the

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purity of their morals. The certainty of being united to the object of their choice, prevented all gallantry for the present, and all coquetry for the future. In other countries, such, for instance, as France, the romance of the life of a pretty and amiable female, begins on the day of her marriage; while that of a Switz woman is to be dated from her early youth, when she sedulously enquired after the being who was best suited to her wishes. When after a lapse of several years, she had proved the heart of her lover, she could have, on her marriage, no other prospect before her than that of the affection of her husband, and of her children, to whose comforts all her assiduities, as a good housewife, were to be directed. This was the principal object of her solicitude, in a state of society in which intrigues for places and ranks were unknown. The laws were fixed; and each day bore a resemblance to the one by which it had

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been preceded. The social pleasures were less tumultuous, and more simple; the fortunes less brilliant, and more solid. This picture affords a more imperfect idea of pleasure than of happiness.

How striking a contrast does Italy afford! There the sensations, varied in every possible way, are the sole aim of a sex which strives unceasingly to taste and to inspire pleasure. Love, the theatres, the arts, which contribute to luxury, and a state of listless indolence, divide the time of that voluptuous sex. Nothing can better evince the tacit consent of the husbands to the premature gallantry of their wives, than the swarm of cicisbeos *, of esquires, devoted to the orders of the latter. In reality, the *cicisbeo* is not the person to whom they are most indulgent; but being constant in his attendance on them, he is at least

* It frequently happens that the husbands themselves make choice of these *cicisbeos* for their wives during the first year of marriage.

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the image of the lover with whom it is in a manner agreed on they cannot dispense. Being considered as the mere embellishments of society, and regarding themselves in no other point of view, they can be entitled but to a small share of consideration. As their address is directed to amorous intrigues, rather than to business, either public or private, they seldom interfere in the latter. In short, the part they act is more pleasurable than important. I must, however, do justice to several Italian women, and more particularly to those of Florence, Sienna, and Rome, who are well informed, and who cultivate sedulously the arts and literature. In proportion as their taste is refined by these studies, their inclinations become less vicious; and while their national character still preserves all its natural vivacity, their society becomes highly agreeable.

With more gravity, the Spanish wo-

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men have perhaps an equal share of gallantry. Being more circumspect than the females of Italy, the mysterious manner in which their intrigues were formerly conducted, and the impenetrable veil which was thrown over them, brought them nearer to the natural state of their sex, whose duty it is, to charm by its modesty, and to rivet the affections by its bashfulness. It should be observed, that Spain having been the nursery of ancient gallantry, the mere recollection of this circumstance has left behind it a marked respect and deference on the part of one of the sexes towards the other. Vanity being the basis of the character of females, the countries in which the most marked consideration is bestowed on them, are those in which they may be led to think themselves the happiest.

The very jealousy of the Spaniards is a kind of employment which the women have traced out for them, and by

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which the latter have long acquired importance in their own estimation.

In any country whatever, if the sex dreads persecution, it is equally apprehensive of neglect; and would perhaps prefer a slight share of torment, to the humiliation of being deemed insignificant. If the accounts of travellers are to be credited, the traces of the ancient manners are more particularly to be found in certain provinces of Spain. In Madrid, morals are become so relaxed, as to convey but an imperfect idea of the gallantry introduced by the Moors. If the Italian women have a *cicisbeo*, the Spanish women have a *cortejo*, who differs essentially from him on this account, that while the former, the *cicisbeo*, is devoted to the service of his mistress, without being destined to receive her favours, the *cortejo* of the Spanish lady is in reality a successful lover. While he preserves his ascendency, no one prefers his suit; and, whenever he is dis-

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carded, his place is soon occupied.—Until the hour of their marriage, the young girls are either sent to convents, or brought up with their families; and it is said, that in the former case, the convents themselves are not free from certain amorous intrigues, by which their sacred roofs are prophaned.

Love, and consequently the condition of women, had three different epochs in Spain. It partook, at the commencement, of the spirit of chivalry, which preceded the wars with the Moors, and continued for some time after the foundations of the Spanish monarchy had been laid. Then it was that love, honour, and religion, vied with each other in brilliant exploits, in the achievement of which each contended for the mastery. The Spaniards, more delicate and disinterested than any other nation, considered courage as the only test of merit; and the favours of the sex as its only aim, and sole recompense. At that time

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two lovers were seen to expire in the arms of each other, overpowered by the happiness of meeting after an absence of three years, or filled with the regret of a cruel separation; while another couple leaped together from the summit of a lofty rock, that they might not survive each other. A thousand similar traits, with which the history of Spain abounds, might be mentioned. These warlike virtues, and brilliant illusions, having been destroyed by a long peace, the commerce and riches of India at length converted these heroes into desperate freebooters, and knavish adventurers.

The conquests made by Spain in America corrupted the morals of the inhabitants; and those she achieved on the continent changed the usages, and enfeebled the national character. To these tumultuous passions succeeded a multitude of intrigues and stratagems, in which Italian cunning and address were

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more discernible, than the honour and love of the proud Castilian. This epoch is perfectly well described in the comedies of Lopez de Vega, Moreto, and Calderon, as well as in the romances of Cervantes. Hence arose the serenades, the elopements, the duennas, the jealous husbands and lovers, and, in short, all the concurrent circumstances which are now but barely remembered in Spain. Love seemed to degenerate in proportion as civilization advanced. What had been founded in folly, became an object of speculation; and this is pretty nearly the state of things at the present moment. A few years after her marriage, a young woman who possesses a certain share of ignorance, finds it necessary to go into the world, and to be present at the bull fights and assemblies. She is desirous, on these occasions, to be accompanied by a man who is agreeable to her; and it often happens, that without having had a strong affection for

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him in the first instance, she becomes attached to him, lest he should attach himself to another. This is the *cortejo* whom I have already mentioned. This man, who is sometimes the friend of the husband, and who, as he is less likely to interrupt domestic harmony, feels less restraint in the house than the latter, is infinitely convenient to the wife, who prefers him to a stranger, or to one who might not possess the same advantages. He is almost invariably either a military officer or a monk, since these two descriptions of persons have each of them an equal facility of introduction into the house, and because, being alike without occupation, they are consequently more at the disposal of the lady. The monks have, notwithstanding, lost a great proportion of their influence, and are not very successful, except with elderly women.

Attachments are very durable in Spain, and are sanctioned, immediately they

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are formed, by a character of high respect.

When two lovers quarrel, their parents and friends endeavour to effect a reconciliation, every one becomes interested. It would appear that the public, having witnessed the commencement of this new union, consider it in the light of a contract which it is more essential to maintain, than that of marriage, on which it was not consulted. Thus, when a man behaves ill to a woman, whom he has reason to charge with infidelity, he finds it very difficult to introduce himself to another female. This observation applies equally to the women, who are esteemed in proportion to their prudent conduct in love. Nothing is so rare as what is termed a coquettish female. A woman may deceive one man, but he will be the last; and the insidious female becomes an object of general execration. It is on this account

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that foreigners, and more particularly Frenchmen, who are so successful in their amours in the northern countries, and in some parts of Germany, have so little to expect in Spain, unless they are well acquainted with the language, and conform to the usages of the country. Let me here repeat what I have already observed, that a correct idea of these usages is not to be obtained in Madrid, or the several sea-ports, where foreign customs and manners have been introduced, but only in the cities in the interior of the kingdom, such as Valentia, Granada, Toledo, and Seville.

A striking contrast between Switzerland and Spain is worthy of notice. In the latter of these countries, innocence is confined by bars and bolts; while in the former it is free and unshackled. In Helvetia, and at Geneva, the young women preserve their chastity, united to freedom almost unbounded; and the confidence which is reposed in them,

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frequently becomes a greater obstacle to surmount, than the iron grate of a Spanish convent. Thus it appears, that every system of education may be good, and that, consequently, the direction which is given to morals is the most important consideration. I am, however, persuaded, that young women ought not to be exposed to the dangers of society with which they cannot be acquainted, until they have a husband and a guide; and that their modes of life, in a single, and in a wedded state, should be entirely different.

Though Spain, like France, excludes females from the throne, we see them in the neighbouring kingdom, Portugal, wield the sceptre, and, in conformity to the established laws, scarcely grant, when they are married, the title of sovereign to the husband, who is merely a nominal king, divested of the right of exercising any authority. Such, however, is the capriciousness which pre-

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vails in customs and usages, that in the country above cited, where women reign, husbands have, in domestic concerns, an absolute authority over the wives. Prerogatives of every description are allowed to the husband, who governs with an absolute sway; while every circumstance announces the subordinate condition which the wife holds in society. In some families, not at Lisbon, but in the provinces, which still adhere rigorously to their ancient usages, a stranger is not allowed to address a single word to the lady of the house, without the permission of the husband. She is even in some instances obliged to quit the apartment, when one of the male sex enters it without being introduced by her imperious lord and master. Notwithstanding all these precautions, amorous intrigues are perhaps as common in Portugal as in Spain or elsewhere. At a certain season of the year, a woman confesses her weakness to her spi-

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ritual director, from whom she receives a holy reprimand, with an injunction to break off all future intercourse with her lover. She quits him for a week, receives absolution, approaches the altar, and having made what she considers to be a requisite atonement, retires from it to meet her lover once more. Thus, between the adoration she receives on the one hand, and the adoration she bestows on the other, she alternately bestows her time in burning the sacred incense, and in swallowing intoxicating draughts of the incense of profanation; with this difference, however, that the intervals she dedicates to the *creature*, are of much longer duration than those which she devotes to the Creator.

Suppose the traveller to quit Lisbon, and to be conveyed by brisk and steady gales to Constantinople. There the women are either confined in seraglios for life, or are shut up in their apartments. They are not permitted to appear in pub-

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lic unless veiled; and have no other chance of obtaining their freedom than by embracing the vile condition of prostitutes.

However Germany may be divided into several distinct portions, and into several states which are frequently hostile to each other, the condition and the character of the women have, notwithstanding, a striking resemblance, as they are all in a greater or less degree formed by publications of a similar tendency, and by an analogous education. I shall confine myself to the most distinguished class of females, that which is exclusively entitled to the appellation of *good company*; notwithstanding another agreeable and very intelligent class is to be found, more particularly in the commercial towns. The German women are in general possessed of less feeling than the females of France, and, with stronger passions, are less amiable. Their sagacity in discovering the qualities of the

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heart is greater than their address in discerning those of the intellectual faculties. They are oftentimes as strongly impressed by good as by brilliant actions; and have a simple mode of loving, which causes them to be won by a natural and unaffected conduct on the part of their admirers. They are cold on an early acquaintance; but become attached in proportion as they discover in the men the solid and intrinsic qualities they themselves possess. The first *coup-d'œil*, which has so powerful an effect on the lively imaginations of the Polonese and Italian women, makes but a trifling impression on them, they being more forcibly swayed by habit than by personal accomplishments, and bestowing on merit a decided preference to wit. They are a happy medium between the French and the English women, being less reserved and less attached to domestic duties than the latter; at the same time that

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they are less volatile than the French, and less covetous of homage and conquest. The feudal system, which is still kept up in Germany, gives the women a great ascendancy. Although it does not bestow on them any inheritance, the greater part of them are at the head of the little principalities and paramount seignories, where they are in a manner the representatives of their husbands, who devote the greater part of their time to gaming and hunting, in the society of their selfish dependants. It thus becomes the task of the women to exercise acts of benevolence, to receive company, and to do the honours of their houses, in which pursuits their vanity is so much flattered as to take off their attention from love. This remark more particularly applies to the great majority of the women belonging to the empire, who in general possess more good sense, and a more brilliant understanding, than those who reside on the imperial terri-

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tories. Those who inhabit Vienna appear to unite the greater number of qualities. In that capital there are several well frequented societies, and, among them, one which boasts a decided superiority, and is composed of females distinguished by their birth, riches, and beauty. The sphere of attraction of this society draws together all those of the male sex who have acquired a pre-eminence, not by the dint of their titles and wealth, but by their merits, and the services they have rendered the state. To be possessed of a mediocrity of talents is with these ladies a sufficient motive of exclusion. The perusal of books of chivalrous romance, which are still very much in vogue in Germany, and those of the different wars in which that country has been engaged, have tended to promote those liberal ideas, insomuch, that the sentiments of honour are more perfectly preserved at Vienna, than at any other place in Europe.

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Thus, in the centre of Germany, the delicacy and gallantry which distinguished the flourishing times of France are to be found. The individuals of the above society have not, in common with foreigners in general, proceeded from a violent hatred towards their enemies, to an admiration of a still more extravagant kind. As they were formerly not desirous to destroy France, so at present they forbear to lavish on it exaggerated praise. Fixed in their principles, as well as in their sentiments, and faithful to both, they have preserved their friends, and their habits of life, so as to have become daily more amiable and more attractive.

Prussia is likewise an evidence of the facility with which women assume the different forms and habits exhibited to them by the manners and usages, and by the bias and direction given to public opinion. The advantages they derive from this source, in regulating

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the mode and conduct of their lives, are strong proofs of the address of the Prussian women. The genius of Frederic the Great left in that kingdom a martial and a philosophical spirit, which were the distinguishing characteristics of his government. As he possessed an extreme love of dominion, combined with great means for its support, his power became the counterpoise of his philosophy. His successors, however, in proportion as they have been less victorious have given a greater scope to the propagation of liberal opinions. The women, who constantly adapt themselves to the spirit which prevails at the moment, have cultivated the science of literature. However true it may be that a very inconsiderable number of them have distinguished themselves sufficiently to acquire celebrity, it is nevertheless certain, that they are in general possessed of much information, blended, perhaps, with a small share of pedantry. They

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are not aware how difficult it is to substitute scholastic learning for the grace, delicacy, finesse, and elegance, which are the true ornaments of their sex. In a martial kingdom, in which the men are constantly encamped, and where military pursuits are held in the highest honour and estimation, but little time is left for gallantry. Without attempting to compare it with that of Spain and Italy, I shall, however, observe, that gallantry is to be found at Berlin. There is, indeed, neither place nor climate, in which the god of love does not exercise his all powerful sway. If he lurks beneath the cloak of the Spaniard, he is not terrified by the Prussian helmet; and, amid the din of arms, subdues the prudery of the female of Berlin, as effectually as he inflames the voluptuous Italian. The end is everywhere the same; and the differences merely result from the tracks pursued, the means, and the opportunities. It has even been ad-

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vanced that, amid their taste for the sciences, and the proud pedantry they display, the Prussian women are to be gained over by presents. However striking this contrast may appear, the fact is not altogether undeserving of credit; and it has been seen in France, that the principles of the new philosophy have combined the love of simplicity with that of riches, insomuch that some females, either through motives of taste or submission, have received almost as many gifts from their lovers, as had been bestowed on them by the bounteous hand of nature. It ought also to be observed, that Prussia does not abound in riches. Now, a poor country is always unfavourable to the situation of women, more particularly under the establishment of a monarchical government. The pomp which the throne requires calls for a display of magnificence in all the objects by which it is surrounded. The continual wish to

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shine, without the adequate means to make a splendid figure, is a mortifying consideration to a sex, which ought to please without effort, and to adorn itself without trouble and without care. If a female has no other than transitory and adventitious resources, to give a brilliancy to her appearance, the jewels and trinkets with which she adorns herself, are put on without taste, and divested of every attraction. The dress which sits so unbecoming on her seems to participate the torments she suffered in procuring it, as well as the ignoble dread of its being soiled or torn. To render the splendour of the women correspondent with the pomp and dignity of the throne, requires the magnificence of the reign of Louis XIV; but in a republic, the modest simplicity of Switzerland is far more appropriate.

In the one instance this lively sex is a resemblance of nature, and in the other of art; and the simple shepherdess of

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the Alps, gathers with the same ease the fresh and blooming flower with which she decorates her head to please her lover, as the elegant and accomplished La Vallière takes from her toilette the jewels with which she heightens the charms of her complexion, to attract the attentions of Louis.

If Berlin presents us with a society of women, scientific, philosophical, and perhaps pedantic; in Poland, on the contrary, we discover nothing but coquetry and French vivacity; insomuch that it seems as if nature had been desirous of affixing some mark of affinity upon two countries so widely distant from each other. The Polanders speak the French language remarkably well; and in their manners and customs, their taste for company, and for mental amusements, they very much resemble the French.

Poland has been destroyed by the vicissitude of political events, and the va-

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cillations of an unstable government, which has afforded few opportunities for the interference of women in its political concerns. The magnificence of the great lords assigned to this sex a brilliant establishment suited only to a state of grandeur. In the reverse of their fortunes the females still retain their character; and whether they reside in their divided country, or travel into foreign states, they still bear with them that desire of pleasing, that attractive grace, that polished wit, that mixture of dignity and ease which it is impossible to resist.

It is said, that from a spirit of prudery, the Russian ladies severely censure those of Poland for the levity of their behaviour in public. This censure rather proves the injustice of the former, than the criminality of the latter.

In Russia, the women, naturally grave, possess a degree of phlegm which gives to their social manners an air of frigidity,

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the very opposite to the graceful ease of the Polander. The Russians are less gay, and less coquettish; gallantry, however, is no more banished from Petersburgh than from Warsaw. The only difference consists in the greater concealment and mystery observed in such affairs at the former place; and this may be attributed to the difference of character and education. It is probable also that the Russian ladies, proud of their prerogative to succeed to the throne, and reckoning among themselves an Elizabeth and two Catharines, have naturally assumed a dignity adapted to their condition in the state. The entire superintendence of their domestic concerns, of the education of their children until a certain age, and the controul of every thing, in fact, except the estates which their husbands occupy, being reposed in them, it is natural that they should acquire a degree of consequence in their own eyes, and assume

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that dignity of deportment which results from their position in society.

In observing the infinite varieties of manners which distinguish the women of Europe, we are led to enquire, in what respect that fickle sex is thus adapted to model their character, and even their passions according to customs and laws. These distinctions are less striking in our sex than theirs.

The condition and character of women are, perhaps, in no country so strongly expressive of the influence of its manners and government, as in England. Under that limited monarchy, which combines the stability of royalty with the rational spirit of freedom, where a true taste for the arts and for magnificence is fostered, and where, above all, a genuine love of his country causes an Englishman to prefer the public good to his own private interest, women must necessarily acquire much importance in their own families, and can possess but

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little influence in public society, or in political intrigues. It is in great cities, that the morals of women are corrupted. An English woman residing principally in the country, occupied with the concerns of her house and family, and loving the husband of her choice, has few opportunities of becoming an object of seduction, or of inspiring any other sentiment than that of esteem, which the practice of her domestic duties justly claims. In England the various pursuits of life have an influence upon the characters, manners, the tastes, and the opinions of both men and women. Whether an Englishman be a sailor or a merchant; a member of parliament or a simple husbandman, though he may have a variety of separate interests, there is one concern to which all others give place, and that is the public welfare; the cause of which may be easily ascertained. In the perfect combination of the government, the merchant is allied to the sailor;

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the sailor to the merchant; the mechanic to the peer of the realm; the cultivator to the proprietor of the land; a member of the opposition party is as much connected with the king as one of the ministerial; in a word, the whole state is one entire chain, and no link of it can prosper, or can suffer loss without the whole; and therefore the interest of every individual is the interest of the state at large.

In one respect the interior of every family is nearly the same. In the houses of the first nobility, and of the meanest mechanic, in those of the rich landlord and the poorest labourer, in the compting houses of the bankers, and the barracks of the soldiery, every one thinks, reflects, calculates, and habitually accustoms himself to serious occupation, rather than to the frivolities of gallantry, and the idle pleasantries which are calculated, if not to seduce the women, at least to draw them from the necessary attention to their domestic duties. In

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France under the old regime, a peace made after a long war occasioned a total apathy, and dereliction of principles. An indifference to public affairs, which seemed solely to concern the government, left both men and women to the indulgence of the passions, and the pursuit of pleasures. Hence sprung that spirit of gallantry and love, and the occupations of seduction and allurement. The women passed their time not at their country-seats, but in the metropolis and at court, entering into intrigues to procure by their artifices petty places, by which they strove to acquire a species of influence and importance.

In England, on the contrary, in peace as in war, the public spirit of the people never suffers the national interest to be eclipsed; its influence on morals continues to be felt, and women, contented with their proper station seek happiness rather than pleasure. It appears that of late years a change has taken place in the

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fashionable world; and people of condition now pass more of their time in London than in the country. A spirit of gallantry has in consequence insensibly established itself. A long residence in the metropolis naturally occasions a relaxation of morals. But in a country where public affairs engross the general attention; where the most amorous Englishman never forgets the parliament through attention to his mistress, where his taste for comfort and convenience leads him to dismiss the ladies with his dessert, that he may enjoy the society of men at his table; in a country where a sex so lovely is rather esteemed than adored, that sex will never possess a great influence; and even at the present day, when French women have lost so much of their power through self-love, and a devotion to pleasure, the female of Paris will always possess an advantage over one of London, where the situation of woman can only be ameliorated by

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an approximation of English to French manners.

The English women live much in the same manner as those of Turkey, with the exception of walls or keepers. Without being so much overlooked, they suffer equal constraint.

However great the superiority which they may be sensible they possess above their husbands, they are obliged to respect and to fear them; and they therefore endeavour to acquire their love, as a matter of necessity. Such is also the lesson they give to their children, and it may be remarked, that they recommend it to them rather as a political measure than as a duty. In fact, they can only command by obeying; and when it is said, that a woman is happier in England than in any other country, it is only saying, that she is prepared by her education to be more satisfied than another woman with a mediocrity of happiness. The only equivalent which they have for so many

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deprivations is the respectable rank which they hold in society. No sooner, however, are they guilty of the most trivial deviation from virtue, or are marked by the slightest disgrace in the eyes of the world, than they abandon themselves entirely to a vicious course of life. Nothing is so uncommon in England as those long concealed intrigues, which often terminate before they are suspected; and which in France might often happen if the women were more reserved and the men more discreet. Considering the manners of the English, private amours might have been supposed to be frequent, but, on the contrary, the constraint of the sex prevents concealment, and such instances are extremely rare. An English woman, conscious that the happiness of her whole life depends upon the rejection of a momentary pleasure, resists the temptation with all possible energy. But if the severest struggles of conscience prove ineffectual, and she once falls,

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she renounces for ever that society in which she can no longer appear with respect. It sometimes, though seldom, happens, that the man, through love of whom a female makes this sacrifice, endeavours to make reparation by marriage. In this case they retire together into the country, and become all the world to each other. Such was the situation of M. de Biron. A lady whose love he had long sought at length confessed to him, that she could no longer resist his suit, and proposed to him a happy retirement for life, in a village of Scotland. He had the greatest trouble in the world to avoid this excess of happiness.

It now only remains to say a few words respecting the northern nations. Among these people, even in the most distant times, the condition of women appears to have been much more desirable than in other countries. In Sweden, they have always been held in the highest estimation. In former times, indeed,

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their favour seems to have been deemed the only recompence worthy of the brave. Their morals being well regulated, their condition has necessarily improved. As convents are not known among them, the Swedish young women are educated under the eyes of their parents, either by a French governess, or by some other person acquainted with that language. There are some few boarding-schools established in Sweden, but the principal families seldom send their children to them; and when they do, they always withdraw them at an early age, to complete their education at home. Thus accustomed from childhood to an intercourse with the world, living under proper regulations, but at the same time without restraint, and surrounded by young people of their own rank in life, they generally marry the object of their early affections.

Among the same people a system of good economy results from the simplicity

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of their manners. In domestic concerns the women regulate every thing, and we rarely observe those bickerings so common among other people, which generally terminate in family discord. I shall not extend my remarks to the lower orders of society in Sweden; for here, as in all other countries, these can never be objects of our attention. Manners are nothing more than the effects of education.

Under Gustavus, the last King of Sweden, who was assassinated in the midst of his court, manners assumed a chivalrous complexion, which resulted rather from the peculiar taste of the monarch than from the true character of the nation. He was desirous of blending Swedish simplicity with a species of French elegance, which the climate seemed to repress, and which the poverty of the country by no means encouraged. Indeed, there was a glaring contradiction between this taste for elegance, and the rigorous laws which proscribed luxury,

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and prohibited the wearing either gold or silver upon dresses. The splendid designs of Gustavus embraced all the magnificence of modern modes, which the wisdom of the laws prohibited. Women throughout the whole of the north, display more or less their desire of vying with the French in appearance, and they endeavour to atone for the forced absence of magnificence by the graces of their persons, and the tasteful elegance of their dresses.

During the too short reign of Gustavus, the spirit of gallantry seemed to introduce itself; but that taste for heroism, and for chivalry; those balls and tournaments, and all that round of elegant amusements, which so much delighted the fair sex, and which so well became them, seemed all to be the creation of his own hand, and to depend upon his existence for their own. The much regretted death of the monarch at once destroyed the whole. This spirit and

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these pursuits not being congenial to the manners or the taste of the country, no longer existed; but like those exotic plants, which being removed far from their native soil, perish by the slightest neglect, the whole splendid illusion vanished, and left no other traces of its short existence than the recollection of its pleasures. Excepting in some few instances, the women, who are however not excluded from a right to the throne, have very little influence in the political affairs of Sweden. We may repeat in this place with propriety, the few words of Charles the XIth to his Queen, who wished to interfere in some affairs of the state. "We have taken you." said he, "for our wife, and not for our governor." In other respects he loved her, and treated her extremely well, and had several children by her.

Since the death of Gustavus, the Swedish women have returned to a situation analogous to their primitive cha-

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racter; and retain little of that transient colouring, which this prince had communicated to them. Amiable, polite, fond of reading and improvement, without however any taste for writing, which in a woman is ridiculed at Stockholm, their intercourse with the world is marked by that attractive grace, which should ever accompany the female sex.

In every country there is a vast difference betwixt the manners of the capital and those of the provinces. Thus in the north of Sweden particularly there exist customs, which I shall explain by some notes: but there reigns in every part a spirit of hospitality, and a suavity of manners, which I shall endeavour to impress upon the memory of the reader, by a Swedish novel which will terminate this work.

I conceive that I cannot better conclude this sketch than by inserting a letter, which was written by a friend, who travelled principally with the intention

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of studying the character of women in the different countries through which he passed, and to compare them with each other. Although this letter may repeat some details which I may myself present to the reader, still I conceive I ought to publish it as I received it; it is the production of a faithful pen, and perhaps it may not be uninteresting to compare the different accounts of travellers upon the same subject.

"You perceive, my friend, that I have almost completed the tour of Europe. You know the principal inducement of my travels. After having thoroughly examined the women of every country, I have drawn this conclusion; that with some trivial shades of difference, attributable to the laws or customs of their country, women are everywhere the same. However much men vary in different countries, women are much alike in all countries. Nothing, for instance,

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can be more opposite than an Englishman and an Italian, while an English woman and an Italian woman, though in some trifles they differ, agree in a thousand particulars. Among the women of various countries you will find a general resemblance in their essential qualities. The virtues of humanity, patience, compassion, gentleness, and of courage on great occasions, are generally to be met with in the female sex. It is rather in their failings than in their good qualities that any difference is observable. The reason is obvious. Their virtues are the gifts of nature; while their defects are the result of a vicious education, or of particular laws and customs; and it is rather to men than to themselves, that their defects should be attributed, as men are the governors. Thus, England being under a better government than Italy, the English women are better; but notwithstanding the influence of government, you will certainly meet the same distinctive qualities of the sex

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in the Italian, as in the English women. It is in consequence of the natural tenderness of women, and of the habits of submission in which they live, that laws, prejudices, and customs have so powerful and universal an influence upon their minds. They remind us of the pure marble, which issues from the quarry to receive whatever form or shape we choose to give it. The chisel of an indifferent sculptor may shape it into a bad form, but cannot alter the natural properties of the marble. Thus then women are every where, and in every respect, that which we make them. In all the countries which I have visited, this remark was verified; though I am convinced that the minds of women receive a more powerful bias from the governments under which they live, than from the character of the men.

"In France alone, where society is an art, there exists such an amalgamation of male and female intellect, tastes, and

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passion, that the character of the men acts directly upon that of the women.

"An Englishman, by his habits and his taste for business, has subjected his wife to solemn rules for the regulation of her conduct, and has consequently marked her manners by an apparent gravity. More thoughtful than communicative, especially with women, there is established between his wife and himself a contract rather of power than of tenderness, of submission than of confidence, of concealed passion than of sympathy of sentiment, and an unison of opinion.

"In France, on the contrary, where the more lively character of the men leads them to express their opinions too openly, even to their dependents, a husband, by the continual communication and interchange of ideas, involuntarily identifies his wife with every thought. His object is to command; to be the master; but he admits his slave into his confidence. Whether she opposes or

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joins in his opinion, she always is mistress of his secrets. If such a pair love each other, the union of their thoughts and minds is perfect. If otherwise, there is at least a communication of ideas, which begets mutual confidence; and not that mental separation and distance of master and slave which subsists in England. The Frenchman intimates to his companion the nature of his power, and discusses with her all its points. By this means it may be strengthened, at least it becomes more formally established. It is the same with opinions of every kind. In France there exists a mental intercourse between the sexes. Thus women speak, reflect, and decide upon every thing; upon the most important as well as the most frivolous concerns. They are the allowed equals of the men in argument, who always, however, remain masters at home; but as it is only by reminding them of their power, that they accomplish this, the repetition of these

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disputes between the sexes leaves upon the minds of women an impression of the character which the men have communicated to them. I repeat that it is only in France that this reaction is observable, where there exist no points of distance between the men and women; while in other countries, especially in England, there are a thousand. Besides, in France, women being the arbiters of fashion, customs are almost subject to them; and we have often seen instances in which recourse has been had to them in a crisis of danger, such as that of *La Fronde*, to procure the adoption of such measures as power could not have established. In all ages the women of France have followed the impulse given to them by the men, identifying themselves with their systems, as well as with their passions. They interest themselves equally with their business and their pleasures, and as they evince the necessity of a perfect intercourse with the men in every

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thing, so the men give ample proof of the impossibility of their existence without them.

"Such an equality of the sexes is not to be met with in any other country of Europe, not even in those where women are permitted to ascend the throne.

"There is another country in which the female character is particularly distinguished from most others, and that is Poland. There the women, influenced by a more refined voluptuousness, and more lovely than those of Italy, are absolutely the seducers of the men; and being themselves under less subjection than the women of any other country, both in respect to their property and their character, they act a part the most independent, and enjoy a personal consequence which they sustain with a peculiar grace. They possess, in general, beauty and wit: their beauty captivates at first sight, and their wit confirms the conquests of their charms. A spark of

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this celestial gift has fallen upon their cold region, and the most lovely part of the inhabitants have possessed themselves of its powers. In Poland there are no poets; no artists; but there are women there, who study the arts, who sing in a most delightful style the songs of Tasso; and recite the verses of Delille. It is a maxim with them that love is to women, what glory is to men. To inspire love is the most agreeable pursuit, the prime object of their lives. It is rather, however, the intoxication of desire, than the true sentiment of love which they excite. The privilege of kindling noble passions belongs only to strong minds, who are capable of inspiring in others every sentiment which they themselves imbibe. This genuine passion, of which there are so many resemblances in society, is to be met with in every clime, and in every country; but it is only felt by minds endowed by nature with an exquisite sensibility, susceptible of enthusiasm, and of the most heartfelt emo-

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tions. Women, who possess only beauty, wit, some agreeable traits, and much coquetry, inspire sentiments which assume the appearance of love, but which fade away as rapidly as ephemeral flowers. When, however, women add to the charms of wit another of a different nature, a sentiment the offspring of enthusiasm, we may perceive the cause of that resemblance to love, which the passion excited by the Polander exhibits; but which is perhaps rather a sentiment of voluptuousness. The Polish women are adorable by the impressions which they leave, by the hopes which they awaken; they know how to embellish every thing with that species of magic which has always something undecisive and undetermined; they love nature without being natural; but their art becomes almost simplicity by its perfection. Their manners are marked by a fascinating negligence; they conduct themselves with a grace, which is not that of the

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French, but which seems to have been bestowed upon them by nature, that unalterable source of all that is good and pleasing. There does not appear in their drawing rooms that monotony of ceremony, which confines the conversation to a few formal words, used repeatedly on the same occasion. They receive company negligently reclining on their divans, and assume as many different postures as dresses. Their conversation is not perhaps so sprightly as that of the French, but it is more striking by its originality. A woman whose mind unceasingly wanders, who suffers her thoughts to roam from one object to another, who sees at the same moment, in her imagination, the enchanting views of Italy, and the terrific beauties of Switzerland; and who has the art, or the good fortune, to throw a mixture of enthusiasm into every thing she says; such a woman possesses a thousand times more than others, the power of pleasing and of

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captivating. It is to be attributed to all these scources of seduction, that the houses of the Polonese become enchanted dwellings, and their gardens the land of fairies. All that is calculated to fire the imagination seizes it on the instant; these enchantresses possess the talent of making those who will listen to them think and feel in a thousand and a thousand different ways. They have the art of intoxicating the senses and the understanding. Their interesting repulses even add to the charm. What can be more delightful than to hear a lovely woman, in the groves which she herself has created, surrounded by works of art, conversing on nature; who at the same time that she has enriched her drawing room with various chef-d'œuvres, has adorned herself with a thousand agreeable talents; and whose manners are distinguished by an elegance which seems the work of nature. They are constantly well dressed, however negligently, and appear rather

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to enjoy the gifts of fortune than to toil as her slaves.

" A certain softness, a peculiar grace, and above all, a perfect agreement of mind and person, are equally remarkable among the females of Poland and of Russia: the Courlanders particularly are distinguished by their beauty. The two princesses * who have this winter visited Paris are striking examples.

" The different revolutions in the government of Russia have had considerable influence upon the women of that country. Under Peter the first, they experienced the rigours of an absolute government, which necessarily acquired an extreme austerity. Peter was desirous of reforming their manners, and of introducing new customs among a people superstitiously attached to their ancient forms, and consequently less open to civilization, who possessed all the prejudices

* The Princess of Rohan and her sister.

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of ignorance, and all the barbarous ferocity which necessarily follows in the train of sanguinary revolutions. Women so admirably adapted to soften manners, lived surrounded by slaves, and were slaves themselves. They trembled beneath the yoke of a husband, or a tyrannical master. Oftentimes they were banished with him to those vast desarts, whence were exiled all that ennobles life, letters, arts and sciences, sweet offsprings of society, which engender generous feelings in the mind, and displays it incessantly before witnesses capable of estimating its value.

"Sometimes summoned to the court of this same monarch, they there assisted in his disgraceful orgies; they saw the heads of their friends struck off before their eyes, or were themselves subjected to ignominious punishments. It is said, that Peter the Great, that man of genius, by a cruel contradiction, in rescuing the Russians from a state of barbarism,

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covered his country with scaffolds, and destroyed one half of the nobility of the empire. Catherine I. demonstrating what energy of mind a woman may possess, prepared the Russians for the happy reign of Catherine the second; whose manners and genius contributed in no small degree to render the condition of women in that country agreeable and respectable. Manners were refined; the fair sex resumed a station worthy of themselves; and thus next to France, Russia has become the country most favourable to the condition of women.

"The Russian women are in general very pretty; and though not well informed, they acquire learning with facility. — Talents, sweetness of disposition, and nobleness of mind, are expressed in their countenance; and if in some we may observe a gravity, which distinguishes them from the Polander, it may be attributed to their indulging in a species of oriental indolence. They occupy the

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whole of their time in amusements, of which they are very fond. Indolence, magnificence, and the most refined luxury are essentials of their existence. Most of them are extremely credulous and superstitious, and are passionately attached to whatever addresses itself to the imagination. They are devoted to the marvellous, and sometimes pass whole evenings in listening to their attendants, who repeat stories to them, with which they are as much enamoured and interested as children.

Such are my observations upon the women of the different countries which I have visited; and to express in few words the shades of difference which I have remarked among them, I think, that if it were permitted me to choose, I would take for my wife, an English woman; a French woman for my friend; and a Polander for my mistress."

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Perhaps the friend who has written me this letter is rather too severe in his opinions upon women. I merely give them as his particular sentiments; and I now quit Poland and Russia, to travel with my readers in the north of Sweden.

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ZUNILDA:

A SWEDISH NOVEL.

FLORVEL, a handsome young Frenchman, was distinguished by the brilliancy of his accomplishments, and the facinating elegance of his manners; but he was unprincipled and immoral; for his heart, corrupted by prosperity, acknowledged no other guide than his passions, and sought no other happiness than the enjoyment of his pleasures. He possessed a noble title and a large fortune: all the blessings of existence were in fact within his reach; and he abused them all. His very triumphs became the source of his errors. No man was ever more favoured by love, and no man was ever less faithful to that sentiment; no general lover ever paid his court to more women, and none more thoroughly despised them. To scandalize the fair sex incessantly; to depreciate their favours, and take all possible means to obtain them; to pro-

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claim their weaknesses, and display a sort of vanity in a triumph over them; all these inconsistencies are practised by men. Florvel exhibited instances of them every day. Full of wit and anecdote, a good singer, an admirable story-teller, he was the very spirit of company; but his success in these points appeared at length frivolous even to himself. His mind was certainly capable of better employment than that to which he devoted it, and he had soon occasion to exercise it on a more extensive field. Already better informed than almost all the young men of his age, he yet wished to acquire further knowledge. The ties which held him to any particular individual were mere bonds of roses, which he broke at pleasure, without taking the trouble to make the least excuse. Thus scarcely saying adieu to any of his acquaintance, our man of the world suddenly determined to travel.

In the month of January 1788, he re-

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solved to leave Paris; and directing his steps towards the North, he took the rout to Sweden.

The evening previous to his departure, the play of "*the Seducer*" was performed at the theatre. "Ah," said he to himself, on hearing it; "the author has painted the conquests of the hero of his piece as much too easily obtained. There are a thousand modes of resistance, and as many resources to overcome them, which would have produced great effect, but which have escaped his pen. What merit is there in accomplishing the seduction of a young unsuspecting creature, a simple child of nature? It is absolutely no greater achievement than to pluck a flower which grows in our path, and which we have scarcely time to notice." This remark of Florvel implied the same conviction as if he had said, "there is nothing sufficiently seducing for me; for there is nothing that resists me. With respect to love, I have calculated

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and analysed all its qualities; I have reduced the art of seduction to a system; and really women are so weak, that it is not worth the while of a man of spirit to waste a care or a moment upon them. I am about to travel — I shall visit distant countries — what shall I meet with in them? Every where things are the same: I shall find women who will be ready to meet all my wishes, credulous lovers, and weak husbands — some slight obstacles, but not one sincere defence. Tell me, ye Gods! that there is one woman capable of exciting love, and who yet resists, and I would traverse the whole universe to find her."

It is but justice, however, to observe, that this was not the real object which Florvel had in view. His chief reason for travelling was to escape from *ennui*; at the same time that he was desirous of improving an intelligent mind by the study of men and manners. Such were his motives, though he did

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not avow them. It has been often remarked, that nothing leaves a greater void in the mind than the want of all principles, except those of self-admiration, and a sovereign contempt of others. Whoever persuades himself that he is privileged to do as he will, and conceives that every thing is within his grasp, has nothing to hope from the future, and life becomes wholly uninteresting.

Florvel arrived at Stockholm. His name and his recommendations introduced him into the most brilliant circles. His fame had arrived before him, and had described him as very conceited, and very assuming. When these two failings do not ruin a man, they are serviceable to him. Florvel was an example of this. The Swedish ladies are agreeable, and they esteemed him. Women every where are vain, and he flattered them. There are not many who are exempt from weakness; and of these

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he took advantage. He had not resided eighteen months at Stockholm, when he became as much the victim of *ennui* as he had been at Paris. Happily his taste for information found him some employment. He acquired the knowledge of the language with great facility; and passed his mornings generally with Sergell and Canova * in the museums of mineralogists. To have seen him conversing with all the intelligent men, one would scarcely have believed that it was the same Frenchman, who, in the evening, amused himself with mere bagatelles, entertaining in the drawing-room, the old women by his politeness, the young ladies by his gallantry, and every one by his interesting originality.

One day he entered into conversation with a very learned professor. "The manners of the country, its customs, its laws, and above all," said he, "the

* Celebrated Artists.

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provinces excite my curiosity. I have every where observed that the capital is almost a different country; it is seldom that we can obtain, in great cities, a knowledge of the nation which we are studying. By their mode of living, the characters of the inhabitants are as much disguised as their countenances. We are constantly induced to mistake one for another, and are seldom in the right."

"Permit me to quote yourself as an example of the truth of your assertion," answered the Swede. "I know, from various quarters, what success you have met with since your arrival at Stockholm. The men covet your company, the women run after you, you pass for the most fashionable man of the times; and yet, to listen to your conversation upon serious topics, one would think it impossible that such frivolities can engross so much of your time.—You seem

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quite a different character from that which you assume in the fashionable circles."

I am flattered at least," replied Florvel. "I am a man of the world from principle. Do you imagine that a man who has so little esteem for women, who has but little faith in friendship, and none in love, can be very happy in this vortex; for such I consider it?"

"I pity you," said the Swede. "Unless I am deceived, your mind is not absolutely depraved; on the contrary, your mental faculties are in want of exercise. A traveller, in your situation, should seek after novelties of every species, and should avoid all capitals. You very justly observe that they all resemble each other, and all exhibit a depravity of manners. Ought you then to remain at Stockholm? Would you not rather view an interesting picture of manners perfectly new to you, and which reflect the innocence and hospi-

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tality of the primitive ages? Go then, retire into the northern provinces of Sweden, upon the frontiers of Lapland. Norland and Dalecarlia, especially, will afford you enjoyments of which you have no conception. A new species of men, of women, and of cities, cannot fail to interest you; simple nature would to you appear so completely novel."—"Oh! your pardon," exclaimed Florvel; "I understand it perfectly without any further acquaintance — I am sick of hearing of this *simple nature*, with which philosophers have so wearied us. I am desirous however of giving your proposal a fair trial — I will go to Norland, and there I shall find the same passions, the same vices, and perhaps a little more freedom, with less refinement, among the women."—"Well, well," said the Swede, "in that case, *your system* will only be more clearly demonstrated to your understanding, and you will be confirmed in it; and to arrive at the truth of *any*

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system will not be altogether waste of time."

Here the conversation ended. Florvel took leave of the Swede, and as nothing detained him at Stockholm, in two days after this interview he set off for Norland.

After a few days travelling, Florvel, wearied with the badness of the roads, and wishing to have a better view of the country, left his carriage at the first town, and purchased two saddle horses, and, attended only by a confidential valet, continued his journey on horseback. Frequently he stopped to survey the surrounding scenery. Mountains, forests, lakes, rapid and numerous rivers, and deep mines, alternately attracted his attention; and, notwithstanding the rigour of the season, he examined the whole with care. It was then very near the period when the frost of winter is suddenly succeeded by the first heats of summer. By the capriciousness of the

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climate, there are only known in that part of Sweden two seasons. During nine months the inhabitants experience the most intense cold, and for the remainder of the year, a degree of heat almost equal to that which is felt in southern climates. Their soil denies them many of the necessaries of life, but it is fruitful in pasturage, and abounds with mines of various metals, particularly copper. Hunting and fishing being the principal sources of the wealth of the country, the Swede is naturally robust and active; and is by the habits of his life so thoroughly inured to fatigue, that he has not the least idea of indolence or ease.

Florvel, warned by the inhabitants of the sudden change of season that was about to take place, and being aware that the melting of the snow, and the rapid course of the torrents from the mountains, would impede his progress, and even endanger his life, determined to suspend

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his journey; and taking up his residence among the herdsmen on the mountains of Dalecarlia, he there waited with an impatient curiosity the beautiful and wonderful spectacle that was on the eve of taking place. He did not, however, waste his time in idle expectation. By suitable enquiries among the people, he became intimately acquainted with the manners and customs of these tranquil and happy countries. As he had been told, he retraced in them the sweet simplicity of the first ages of the world. Nothing like suspicion was visible; but a peaceful security reigned among them. Slight hedges were their only walls; and instead of bolts and bars they used a leathern strap which the hand of an infant might unfasten. Respect for virtue, succour for the indigent, and pity for the unfortunate, were traits in the character of these people, which Florvel witnessed with incredulity, and admired in silence. They cherish above every thing

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a spirit of hospitality, which they are desirous of exercising even though they themselves are absent from their homes. However distant from their habitations they may wander, they recollect that a traveller may pass near their door, who may perhaps be overcome with want and fatigue, without being able to make his case known to any individual. This same idea is cherished by the herdsmen of the vallies, the hunters in the depth of the forest, and the fishermen on the lakes. If he quits his house without leaving any one at home, he is particularly careful that the door be set open; a vessel filled with milk is placed upon a table, and thus invites the notice of the traveller who may want it. To this are added a few cakes made of their finest flour; and the brim of the vessel is perfumed with juices extracted from the most odoriferous plants. In the severe season of winter some fresh coals are always placed upon the embers, which, with the

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addition of faggots collected near the hearth, may be immediately kindled into a cheering blaze.

As Florvel was one day meditating upon the difference between the severity of the climate and such gentle manners, and contrasting the rugged aspect of the mountains with the benevolence of their inhabitants, suddenly a tremendous noise aroused him from his reverie; hollow rumbling crashings resounded among the deepest cavities of the rocks: it was the breaking up of the ice of winter. Torrents begin to descend, the herdsmen flee; but with a cautious speed that displays prudence rather than fright. One opposes a dyke of stones to the floods which threaten to overthrow his hut; another conducts through an easy channel the torrent which he foresaw, but could not prevent. In another part whole families are compelled to change their asylum at a moment's notice, carrying the children in their arms, and the aged upon

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their shoulders. The flocks are driven from the summit of the highest mountains; and yet, amidst all these proceedings, there is not the least appearance of terror or confusion. It is a period of toil and peril; but it was foreseen.

The rigours of winter now subside, and the sweets of summer appear. What a spectacle! The rays of the cheering sun have darted on those immense piles of dazzling snow, which brilliantly reflect the fires which dissolve them. The floods collect themselves into torrents which now clash against each other, and now, mingling, swell into tremendous water-falls; then foaming, gush precipitately down, dashing from rock to rock, their confused loud roar occasionally increased by the tremendous cracking of the ice, which breaks in every part at the same instant. Enormous flakes of ice are now beheld, sometimes borne away by the rapidity of the torrent; sometimes tumbling from the tremendous

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heights, and dashed to pieces by the force of their own weight: while others, impeded in their fall, lodge among the strong branches of the venerable pine, which, crowned with this radiant mass, sparkles with a thousand stars created by the sun's bright beams. Soon, however, the ice, melted by the powerful heat, descends into the roots, and thus conveys a salutary refreshment to the tree. In the mean time the cracking of the ice is heard again — fresh torrents pour down from the mountains, and, roaring and foaming in their course, fall into the lakes and rivers, which, overflowing their banks, rush with impetuous force towards the sea.... But, strange as it may appear, in those vallies where the unbounded flood had opened for itself a channel, scarcely the slightest traces of its passage is to be observed. The ice has disappeared; and the plants of the earth already begin to shew their points. The moistened soil puts forth its productions

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with new vigour. The torrents which descended from the mountains are now no more than rivulets; the rivers themselves return to their proper beds; and as the waters retire, the fields appear. By the side of a drop of water, which still lingers on the reviving shrub, a bud expands. A most delightful freshness of the air is mingled with the agreeable heat, and gives new life to all who breathe; fresh vigour to all that grows; and imparts new pleasure to every thinking being. This new birth of nature is accomplished in the space of a few days.

The tranquillity which is now restored to the mountains infuses itself into the hearts of the inhabitants; who, descending into the vallies, repeople the villages, repair their humble dwellings, collect their scattered flocks, and the image of happiness is restored among them.

Had the mind of Florvel been more simple, and his heart less corrupt, he would have much better enjoyed this

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charming spectacle. His understanding and his imagination were more affected than his heart; for the sweet and lively emotions of the soul are the peculiar happiness of the good. It is a bliss unknown to those whose souls are hardened by the abuse of passions artificially excited. Their perverted senses are dead to the thousand enjoyments which nature offers.

How cold is simple admiration compared with sensibility and feeling!

Florvel was however as much impressed as he could be with the beauty of this scene. He employed both his pen and his pencil in an attempt to perpetuate the objects of this interesting change, by pictures, which alternately addressed the sight and the understanding. This undertaking detained him some time longer among the good herdsmen, by whom he had been so hospitably entertained. A man of feeling would have combined with the pleasure of such

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an employment the felicity of beholding these excellent people emerging so rapidly from a state of distress to one of tranquil joy; he could not have observed, without delight, the mother who believes she loves her infant better for the danger she underwent to preserve his life; the young maiden, who hails the arrival of a summer in which she sees more charms than all the past, because it is to unite her with her lover; or the friend, who is still more than ever attached to that true friend, who aided him in the hour of peril to save his dwelling from the destructive fury of the flood..... But no! Florvel's heart is hardened; and his happiness is merely instinct. He quitted the herdsmen with cold acknowledgments, and continued his journey along the banks of the Dala, and directed his steps towards the town of Hedemona, the most remarkable in Dalecarlia.

Six weeks had now elapsed since that

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period, when the return of summer had changed the face of nature. The fields were green, and the trees were clothed with leaves; the fruits of the earth were beginning to ripen, and even the remembrance of winter was effaced. Whoever had eyes could not fail to enjoy so delightful a contrast; and Florvel thought the days too short to admire the scene.

The same gentleness of manners prevailed in the town of Hedemona, as among the herdsmen, whom Florvel had quitted; he here found the same hospitality, with customs somewhat less rustic; and with an equal degree of simplicity, that courteous politeness, which is the earliest offspring of affluence and education.

He determined to spend some time in this town. Every day he rode out on horseback alone; and delighted to wander among the enchanting landscapes which unceasingly attracted his attention. He generally suffered his horse to

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be his guide, and left to chance or caprice the surprise which each new scene occasioned.

One day, being more than usually fatigued, as he was seeking for a shady spot where he might for a while repose, his horse turned into a road lined with tall trees, which soon conducted him towards a house, which a little hillock had at first prevented him from seeing. This dwelling was simple, but it appeared large. The gate being open, he entered. Not an individual was to be seen. Emboldened by the hospitality of the country, he fastened his horse to a tree and walked into the house. A large dog now approached him; he was not alarmed, nor did he shew any symptoms of anger. Instead of barking at Florvel, he caressed him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance; he ran bounding before him, and seemed desirous to conduct him to some adjoining place. The first thing that struck the sight of Florvel on his

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entrance, was the vessel filled with milk, sweet symbol of that hospitality which rich and poor alike extend to strangers. He sat himself down; looked around him, and admired an assemblage of useful things, which at a slight glance expressed sufficiently the natural good taste of the owner of this asylum. But to whom does it belong? The solitude of the house, and the silence that reigns within, do not announce it as the habitation of a family. Is the owner then some old recluse? Is it a woman who lives in this tranquil retreat? What a profound silence! What a tranquil calm! Florvel threw himself down upon a mat; and felt himself agreeably refreshed by the milk with which he had quenched his thirst. It is not sleep, which steals upon his senses, and recruits his strength, exhausted by fatigue and heat; but a species of repose, a tranquil rest which he had never before experienced. The kind and faithful dog lies at his feet, he

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looks at Florvel with that expression of attachment so peculiarly characteristic of this friend of man; and seems to say to him; "if you wish to sleep, I will keep watch by you; if you wish to walk, I will accompany you." Florvel caressed the animal with secret pleasure. It was perhaps the first time that he had ever properly appreciated the services of so valuable a creature. He at length however arose, and traversed the apartments of the house, desirous of discovering by some means to whom chance had directed him. One object raised a conjecture, which another instantly destroyed.

After examining the apartments, he descended into the garden, which was separated from the open country by a simple hawthorn hedge in blossom. This pretty inclosure was distinguished from the fields merely by a careful state of cultivation, by some choice fruit trees, and some zig-zag walks carelessly cut

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out among the flowers and fruit trees. A clear river, which rises in the mountains, passes through this garden, where, as if pleased with the spot, it slackens its course, and after making a thousand windings, takes a course through an adjoining grove and mingles with the Dala. Florvel, enchanted with the scene, amused himself by following the windings of this river till he arrived at the grove; he there found a bank of green turf raised by the hand of nature in a spot the most delightful and refreshing. Near this bank the entrance of an immense grotto presented itself; and around it stood several trees, which seemed like columns destined to support this ancient vault. Florvel raised his eyes, and upon one of these trees he read this inscription:

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" TO HOSPITALITY.

" WHOEVER thou art, if thou art happy, here enjoy thy happiness: if thou art unhappy, here thou wilt meet with gentleness, patience, and commiseration."

" Ah!" exclaimed Florvel, " there is no longer a doubt, — this place certainly belongs to a woman." — He carefully examined every part of the grotto; he revisited the green bank; he became captivated with every thing he beheld, and was at a loss where to fix his attention. The pleasing murmurs of the gently falling water; the delightful coolness of the grotto; the cooing of the doves, repeated by the mountain-echo; the solitude, and perfect tranquillity of the scene; the charming idea, that an absent being, like some good genius, ruled in this enchanting domain; and above all, the tender thought that this being must be a woman; every thing conspired to lull the senses, and

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to compose the mind of Florvel: he seated himself on the bank, and sleep stole on his eyelids.

Florvel was not mistaken: it was to the habitation of the fair Zunilda that chance had directed him.

Zunilda, born in the town of Hedémona, had lost her parents; she was completing her year of mourning for her aged father, whom she adored; and who had bequeathed to her a genteel fortune, and that house, which, though not superb, was the best in the country. Her taste for retirement and her attachment to the young Elerz, had induced her to fix herself entirely in this retreat. She was on the eve of being married to Elerz, who constituted the happiness and the pleasure of her life. Such was the simplicity of the manners of this country, that Zunilda lived already with her lover: but with him, nay even in his arms, she is as safe, as though parents, or barriers divided them. Their hearts,

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pure though impassioned, know no happiness without virtue; no pleasure without innocence. Elerz is amiable, lively, and tender, but he is impetuous. Zunilda is rather pensive than gay; an unbounded attachment occupies her whole soul; yet Zunilda, though she adores her Elerz, still loves and is beloved by every one around her. Her own happiness is increased by that of others; at the sight of misfortune her own felicity is diminished, and she is consequently an object of love to every one who knows her. Nature had done every thing in her power for Zunilda; her form was noble, her countenance was full of charms, and her whole appearance elegant and graceful. In the rural games and pastimes, every eye is fixed on her; and she is constantly successful; for none can vie with her in the graceful dance; and in the race none can outstrip her speed. The arrows of Elerz are more swift; but the timid hind bounds not

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more lightly through the forest than does Zunilda, when with a dart in her hand she pursues and strikes the prey, which in vain endeavours to elude her.

The story of the two lovers is extremely simple. It embraces no obstacles to their loves; no tormenting perplexities; it is a tale of happiness without a cloud; of love as readily returned as it was expressed. In the last *fête*, on the return of summer, there was a race among the young women, and the prize was a white kid. According to an ancient custom a hunter holds the prize in his arms at the end of the course; and on this occasion Elerz was the hunter chosen. Zunilda took especial pains to win the race, having long been anxious to please him.

Swifter than lightning she darts by her competitors, and reaches the goal. The enraptured Elerz delivers the kid into her arms. "Ah, Zunilda," said he, "your triumph is mine." "Then,"

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replied Zunilda with ardour, "I have conquered. — Nothing can bound more swiftly to Elerz than myself, — unless it be my heart."

Elerz blushed with a sense of his happiness; he pressed Zunilda to his bosom. — "If your father grants his consent," said he, "I pledge to you my faith in the presence of heaven." Then according to the custom of the country they each place their hands upon their heart; their union becomes from that moment indissoluble; and they receive the congratulations of all the inhabitants. Zunilda is now deemed an object too sacred for hope by all the young rivals of Elerz. She has avowed her choice; they all bewail their loss; but not one of them dare from that moment to indulge one thought of Zunilda. Such are their manners and customs. The father of Zunilda grows young again through the happiness of his daughter; he approves and sanctions her choice, which in fact

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was his own. The youthful lover kisses the hand of the aged father; and his happiness is now within his grasp.— But alas! though it appeared so to him, it was still far off. A slow fever had for some time past consumed the health of Zunilda's father: he grew weaker; he languished for a short period, and then died in the arms of his children. A whole year of mourning and of grief is enjoined upon them equally by the custom of the country and by their own hearts. They love each other; and united under the same roof, they wait the termination of the year of mourning.

They had strolled out together, when Florvel arrived. Zunilda returned first. The horse, which she saw at the gate, announced to her that a stranger was within. — She sought him with impatience; and she perceived with pleasure that the refreshments which she had provided, had been used. She at length, after searching the apartments, ran to-

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wards the grove; but observing that Florvel was in a sweet slumber, she slackened her pace; and was even fearful of awakening him by the rustling of her cloaths among the branches. —The faithful dog sees his mistress: — he is about to run to her; but Zunilda makes a sign to him, which the animal perfectly understands; and quietly resuming his posture looks alternately at his mistress and at Florvel. Zunilda perceiving that the uncovered head of the stranger was exposed to the rays of the sun, drew together the branches of two neighbouring trees, and thus formed for him an hospitable shade. Not content with this friendly act, she filled a basket with fragrant flowers and the finest flavoured fruit, which she placed near Florvel in such a manner, that when he should awake he could not fail to be instantly struck with this new gift of benevolence. The amiable and tender Zunilda now seated herself near the streamlet, occasionally turn-

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ing her head towards the spot where Florvel reposed; anxious to obtain his notice as soon as he should awake. As the falling water occasioned a noise, which she thought might interrupt his repose, she employed herself in placing with some difficulty a stone near the bank of the rivulet, which lessening the force of the water-fall, increased the silence of the scene. Not a sound was now heard, except a soft and gentle murmur, which tended rather to prolong than to disturb his slumbers. Zunilda enjoyed the tranquil calm she had created, — but the leaves shake, the branches give way, the green turf bends beneath his steps, and Elerz appears. The minds of the two lovers communicate their feelings in an instant! They congratulate each other on the pains bestowed upon a stranger whom chance has sent to them! They then, locked in each other's arms, gaze silently upon the sleeping Florvel. Zunilda, by an expression of the coun-

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tenance, seemed to enquire of her lover, whether she had provided every necessary for him, or had forgotten any thing. "Do you think," said she at length, "that this traveller is unhappy?" "I do not think that he is, my love: his countenance is calm and tranquil; and sorrow always leaves a trace behind. Recollect the period which immediately followed your father's death: when you were asleep, it was easy to discover by your eyes that you had been weeping, and that you would weep again." "You are right," said Zunilda, "but we may deceive ourselves; it is necessary that he should find himself agreeably situated, when he awakes: take your flute,—when he awakes, I will sing and you shall accompany me; if he be in sorrow, we shall thus sooth him,— if he be happy, such a welcome cannot be unpleasant to him." "Mark, Zunilda, this stranger is, I believe, a Frenchman. I have seen Frenchmen in this country before, and

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they wore such a dress." "See, Elerz, how he leans upon our dog; — when I came in sight he would have run to me and awakened the stranger; but I ordered him to remain at his post."

As Zunilda ceased speaking, Florvel moved. The two lovers stationed themselves near him; and as the eyes of Florvel opened, his sight and his ears were at once struck with the beauty of Zunilda, her enchanting voice, and the fine toned flute of Elerz.

There are feelings which minds the most hacknied in the vices of the world, cannot resist. Florvel imagining what he saw and heard to be the prolongation of a most delightful dream, refrained from the warm expression of his gratitude. The beauty of Zunilda, her blooming youth, her animated countenance, rendered still more lovely by the sweet expression of benevolence, overwhelmed him with admiration and surprise.

"Whoever you are, young stranger,"

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said Elerz, "consider this asylum as your own. Zunilda offers you her house; I myself, who am her lover, and shall be soon her husband, will join my endeavours and best wishes to hers in order to render this retreat as agreeable to you as possible." "Yes," said Zunilda, throwing her arm round the neck of Elerz, "we thank heaven for conducting you hither: our flowers, our fruits, our flocks, all are at your disposal. My father has often said to me: *Nothing that you possess is wholly your own; remember what you owe to the stranger.*" As she uttered these words with a grace which confirmed their sincerity, she presented Florvel with the basket which she had prepared for him.

It is a difficult task to shake off the forms and ceremonies of cities. Florvel, penetrated with a sense of so much benevolence and simplicity, was desirous of expressing himself with the frankness and candour of nature: he acquitted

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himself however very aukwardly, and nothing could be more opposite than his elegant manners, and refined politeness, and the genuine and natural candour of his host and hostess. They understood, however, that he thanked them; yet though he spoke their language very well, they were astonished that he should use so many words to express one sentiment. At this moment the echos of the plain resound far and near. The herdsmen are calling to their sheep and their dogs. "Would you like to see the return of our flocks," said Zunilda, "they are very numerous, and very fine; they constitute our wealth."

Florvel accepted the invitation. The two lovers, without paying much attention to him, walked on arm in arm; singing as they went: Florvel followed them; and observing their content, and their genuine gaiety, he laughed to himself at the sight of what *they called happiness*. In the mean time the flocks de-

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scended bleating from the mountains, and Zunilda seated herself under a large tree, to wait their arrival; and called Florvel to sit near her.—Suddenly raising her eye, she perceived a bird's nest among the top branches of the tree. "Do you see that nest?" said she to Elerz. "I will bet you a wager that I reach it before you." "Done," said Elerz. "A fine osier basket, against a red feather for my arrow." He had scarcely finished the sentence when Zunilda throwing off her hat, darted among the branches with great agility. The tree was very old and of prodigious height. They both now climb the tree on opposite sides; at one moment Elerz has the advantage, and at another Zunilda, until at length she is almost within reach of the nest. Elerz perceiving that she must gain the prize, gave up the contest. — Zunilda seized the nest, and placing it upon a strong but flexible branch, let it wave up and

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down in such a manner as to touch the branch below, where Elerz was seated. Sometimes the nest was within his reach; but as he stretched out his arm to take it, Zunilda agitated the branch on which it balanced, and which by its elasticity alternately invited and eluded his grasp. To complete the picture the mother bird, seeing her young thus ravished from her, flew round the lovers, from branch to branch, plaintively entreating as it were the restoration of the nest; while the male bird plaintive and sad, hovered in front of the tree, but dared not to approach it. Florvel remained at a distance; and amused himself with this aërial scene, which he did not doubt was preconcerted. "Oh women, women!" said he, to himself, "ye are everywhere the same coquettes; no less so in the mountains of Dalecarlia, than in the most elegant drawing rooms! It is not your wager that now engrosses your attention, Zunilda,—it is the gratification

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of your vanity and self-conceit. She flatters herself," continued he, "that I admire her grace, her agility; she might have descended immediately with her prize; but no, — she must remain swinging on that branch; and appear to be toying with her lover in the air, with the design of obtaining new admiration on earth. O women! dangerous sex; though too well understood by me, — I here discover that your coquettry is instinct. But, Zunilda, you deceive yourself, if you imagine you can captivate men like me! Your unpolished beauty possesses, I confess, some attraction; but it is infinitely inferior to that, which preserves all the charms of nature in addition to the embellishments of art."

As he concluded, Zunilda drew near to him, and presented to him with an air of gaiety, the nest which she had just taken.

"I accept it, beauteous Zunilda," said he, with a meaning more expressive of

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scorn than gallantry. "It would be difficult to determine whether the greatest share of candour resides in these turtle doves, or in her who vouchsafes to bestow them on me."

Zunilda and Elerz would fain have replied; but they were so much at a loss to comprehend the compliments employed by Florvel, that they determined to change the subject. As for Florvel, such was his confidence in his knowledge of women, that he was fully persuaded the silence of Zunilda was owing to the presence of Elerz. On their return, a frugal but wholesome repast, served up with great neatness, was laid before them. After supper Elerz and Zunilda sung, sometimes together, and at other times separately. When the hour of repose arrived, Florvel was shown to a commodious chamber, from whence there was a delightful prospect. Elerz now quitted Zunilda with a look expressive of an impatient and respectful passion.

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The cool and refreshing breezes of the night at length enabled Florvel to recover himself from his fatigues; and calmed the tender agitations of Elerz.

On the following day Florvel spoke of his departure; but he was solicited with so much frankness to make a short stay in the valley, that he was unable to resist. He was delighted with the good and ingenuous disposition of Elerz; and began to think Zunilda charming. The life he led was as simple, as it was devoid of earnest occupation. The party rose before day break, and repaired to the grove, where they found fruits, milk, cakes, and honey embalmed by the flowers of the valleys, prepared for their breakfast. Far from being exposed to calamity, Zunilda and Elerz were in easy circumstances. Their parents had left each of them in possession of a small fortune; and they had already agreed to unite their properties. Their language, their education, the plenty by which they were

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surrounded, the number of their domestics, every circumstance, in short, distinguished them from the rustic inhabitants of the territory on which they resided, with the exception of that sound morality and virtue which they possessed in common with the latter.

The breakfast being finished, the three friends amused themselves either with shooting or fishing; and on these occasions Zunilda frequently manifested her superior skill and agility. When the evening approached, she repaired to a particular spot of ground, to water the flowers she cultivated with her own hands, followed by Elerz and Florvel, who assisted her in all her rural occupations. Towards evening she constantly led them to a most agreeable spot, where, pleased with the refreshing breeze, they talked and sung. Zunilda and Elerz asked a thousand questions of Florvel relative to France and his travels; while the latter constantly blended with his recitals some

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touches of gallantry, which Zunilda received as so many tokens of a kind and affectionate regard.

Several weeks were now spent in these tranquil enjoyments; and during this interval Florvel studied the surrounding objects, made sketches, and penned notes. Candour and virtue, in solitude more especially, have a communicative charm which captivates even the most depraved beings. The contemplation of the loves of Elerz and Zunilda interested Florvel at the commencement. There are circumstances in which the judgment usurps the place of the tender affections of the heart; the early results are invariably the same, and differ in their duration only. The young Frenchman was soon wearied with the happiness of the two lovers, for which he perhaps felt a certain degree of envy. Be this as it may, in a little time he formed the culpable idea of disturbing the harmony which subsisted between them; and in

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harbouring this perfidious design felt no remorse.

Florvel was more than a coxcomb, the good opinion he had of himself being as intolerable as it was unbounded. The constant habit of flattering, and of bestowing exaggerated praises, led him to pay a thousand compliments to Zunilda, who was so delighted with the idea of his being captivated by the retreat of herself and her lover, that she strove in every possible manner to render it agreeable to him. If he expressed a desire to hear her sing, she instantly complied. The morning ride, during which Zunilda displayed her address on horseback, and the evening dance, were daily made the pretext of praise on the one side, and exultation on the other. The good and tender Elerz was transported with joy, and was proud to see that his mistress was so much admired by a native of such a country as France.

Florvel, without losing for a moment

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his presence of mind, opposed talents to sincerity, and entertained no doubt, but that he had made a powerful impression on the heart of Zunilda. Yielding implicitly to the dictates of his pride, he forgets every sense of delicacy, and the sacred rights of hospitality. He has been received beneath the roof of two pure and benevolent beings, who had lavished on him all the bounties they could bestow; and in return, he was, as it would appear, on the eve of plunging them into sadness and despair. This was but of little importance to him, who was incapable of self denial. He could have wished, had it been possible, that Zunilda had been still more passionately fond of Elerz, to the end that he might satisfy himself how effectually he could surmount every obstacle. Thus was Zunilda about to be sacrificed to the projects of her formidable seducer. Praises bestowed on dress are of all others the most dangerous to women, because they

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flatter their vanity in two ways, by converting alternately exultation into praise, and praise into exultation. Of this Florvel was aware, and to this artifice he had recourse. If he observed that such and such flowers were those that became Zunilda the best, they were precisely those she had culled in the meadow, to form a chaplet for her head, and a wreath for her waist. Delighted with the progress he had made, he in a manner anticipated the moment of his approaching happiness. "I have intoxicated her with flattery," said he one day to himself; "and my good fortune exceeds my expectations. Zunilda is less excusable than the inhabitants of populous cities, where coquettry is the result and the aim of attentions. Here there are no conquests, no rivality, and no competition among females. Two men only are to be found, one of whom is captivated, while the other feigns to be so. Well! such is our little *tête-a-tête* party! What a sex!

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What weakness! I observed yesterday evening to our coquette of the mountains, (such was the name he bestowed on her) that nothing became her person so much as bluebottles. At break of day this morning she gathered all she could find in the meadow. I saw her string them; and I would make any bet that she is about to join our society, bedecked all over with these flowers." In the midst of these reflections he turned round, and perceived Zunilda running towards him with a garland, which was, however, of roses. Under her arm she carried a large basket filled with the same flowers. At this Florvel was not a little surprised. But what were his thoughts when he heard Zunilda say to him ingenuously, and with perfect confidence: "My friend, we were mistaken; the roses become me better than the bluebottles. Elerz told me so; and I felt no hesitation in throwing away the latter. Do you not agree with me that I

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was in the right? You would have been hurt to hear him say in your presence that the bluebottles did not please him, at the same time that I have so full a confidence in your taste, and that you are so good as to apprise me of whatever can render me more agreeable in his sight. The hour of our repast draws near; and it is my wish that these wreaths should be finished before it arrives, that I may then wear them. Have the goodness to help me: you will enjoy the pleasure I shall feel in wearing the colours he prefers."

Florvel, who was disconcerted by this trait of simplicity, which he did not expect, finding himself at a loss how to reply, took up a few of the roses with a negligent air, and twisted them together. Shortly after, on some pretext or other, he quitted Zunilda, whom he left by herself to finish the wreaths. He now followed, in a pensive mood, the first path he came to, and, giving a loose to his

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reflections, soon perceived how much his self love had been humiliated. He was shocked by this consideration, which, however, he soon banished from his mind. Vanity is never without its sources of consolation. "It was natural," said Florvel to himself, "that Zunilda, with her homespun ideas, and her coarse feelings, should be thus blindly enamoured of her little mountaineer. Before the choice can be properly directed, it is necessary that the taste should be formed. But," added he, "what strikes me as a singular novelty is, that vanity, which is innate in women, has not taken a stronger hold of this simple female. She should have allowed it a more powerful ascendency over her, and have suffered it to draw her attention towards him who lavished on her so many praises, expressed in a manner with which she was unacquainted. Instead of intoxicating her with self love, this incense has been in no other way agreeable to her, except

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as it pointed out to her what would be pleasing to her Elerz. She is in reality a little phenomenon."

In the midst of his reflections Florvel still walked on, and, with his thoughts entirely occupied by Zunilda, proceeded to a considerable distance from the house; he then suddenly burst forth into the following exclamation. "My resolution is taken: I have been wrong, and must pursue a different course. A woman who is hidden from the public view, possesses but a small share of pride; and, unlike the rest of her sex, has merely an instinctive vanity, which is too weak to combat love. I must feign a passion for her, and thus recur to an expedient which nothing resists, either in the town or in the country, on the throne or in the cottage. Let me therefore return to Zunilda, and affect a secret grief."

Florvel's absence had given rise to some uneasiness, the hour for the first

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meal being already elapsed. On his arrival he was pensive and silent. Elerz was the first to notice his feigned melancholy; while Zunilda confined her discourse to the wreaths of roses which had given so much pleasure to her lover.

Florvel, without making her any reply, still continued absorbed in thought as before, and pronounced with difficulty a few indistinct and unmeaning words, such as he had often found to succeed, in similar cases, with the women. With Zunilda they, however, entirely lost their effect.

Elerz, who felt a lively concern for the grief of Florvel, whispered his apprehensions to his mistress; and the latter being prone to pity, and all the finer sensations, instantly lost her wonted gaiety, and betrayed her own uneasiness. This was noticed by Florvel, who secretly rejoiced at it. Still, however, this emotion did not spring from her, but

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had been produced by Elerz. The two lovers interrogated their friend, who confined himself to vague answers, and quitted them.

"Of what importance is it," said he to himself, "that this first idea of my sufferings has been imparted to her by Elerz? She is nevertheless tormented by it, and gives way to her reflections to find out the cause. She will conjecture that I love her, and will take good care not to say so much to her admirer. She will thus fail in her confidence in him; and this first injustice on her side, will be the first step towards a secret correspondence between us, of which Elerz will have no suspicion. This will afford me an early dawn of hope.—Or, granting that she should not comprehend what I wish her to believe, I shall find a ready opportunity to acquaint her with it."

Zunilda and Elerz were under no small apprehension relative to Florvel,

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who seemed so dejected on quitting their society.

"What is it I would not give," said Elerz, "to know what it is that torments him? which of us two will be the first to find it out?" "You," replied Zunilda: "you have already the advantage of me, since you were the first to penetrate into his sufferings."—"Perhaps," rejoined Elerz, "he is grieved at his absence from France, where he may have left some one to whom he has plighted his faith....No, had he loved, he would not have left his native country!"—"Hold," replied Zunilda, "do you observe that he is busied in writing? So much the better; such an occupation, while it diverts his attention from the immediate object of his thoughts, will perhaps be the means of solacing him."

Thus was the amiable pair entirely occupied in forming wishes for his happiness, while the guilty Florvel repaid their benevolent intentions by his cri-

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minal projects, which were calculated to produce such a variety of mischiefs. What he was then writing was no other than a song adapted to one of the mountain airs of which Zunilda was fond. In this effusion of his pen, Florvel described a secret torment which he did not explain. The following is a translation of this ballad, which he composed in the Swedish language, taking care to imitate the simplicity of the native songs.

Though I bear in my bosom a pain,
That unceasingly robs me of rest;
Yet so pleasing the torment, I'd fain
Give it ever a place in my breast.

Whene'er pensive I seek the lone grove
Where nor list'ners nor gazers are nigh,
Though my heart feels more pain, yet I love,
In calm solitude's silence to sigh.

While I nourish this pain in my heart,
Hope's melody sounds in my ears,
That these moments of suff'ring and smart
Are presages of rapture for years.

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This song he left, as if by accident, on the spot, and instantly retired. In the mean time, while Elerz, who was uneasy on his account, endeavoured to overtake him, Zunilda perceived the paper; and, taking it up, read its contents. She was charmed by the tender and melancholy air of the ballad, which she read over a thousand times. Elerz still persisting in his endeavours to overtake Florvel, the latter desired him to be under no apprehensions on his account, telling him at the same time that he had need of solitude. This hint was sufficient for Elerz, who instantly withdrew.

The rapidity with which Florvel ran to the spot where he had left the song may be easily conceived. To his inexpressible joy it was no longer there. Zunilda must no doubt have found it. Perhaps she was at that moment employed in reading it, and in divining the latent meaning of the words. They

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were adapted to a favourite air, and she would therefore not neglect to sing them. The charming melody of her own voice, when combined with the amorous expressions the ballad contained, might transfuse into her breast a soft languor of which he might eventually profit. How flattering was this idea to hope! "But where," exclaimed he, "am I to seek her? The time is favourable: it is precisely at this moment that Elerz amuses himself with shooting. Zunilda is alone, and is incapable of deserting her friend to the grief he affects to feel. Where is she to be found?"

He now sought her in every part of the valley, and in the woods adjacent to the house, until at length, wearied out with his inquiries, he reached the garden, and penetrated into the grove in its centre. He had not proceeded far when he heard the voice of Zunilda. He now concealed himself, and approached cau-

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tiously towards the spot from whence the sounds issued. It was enough for him to hear her; and to this satisfaction he confined himself. She was employed in singing the first verse of his song. How agreeable was the emotion he felt when Zunilda, in doing this, introduced the softest expression imaginable!—"What," said he to himself, "is it really true that I am in love?.. No, no, let me rouse myself. It is my head only which is inflamed. I will risk every thing, and sing the next couplet. If Zunilda should reply by singing the third, there will be no doubt but that she has divined my meaning. The accent of her voice, in singing the words I have composed, is entirely in my favour.".. ...Without discovering himself, he now sang the second verse..... His voice was agreeable; and to a natural taste he united a considerable portion of art. He had never perhaps, on any former occa-

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sion, derived from his talents so great an advantage. His effort was followed by a profound silence..... In how agitated a state did he watch its duration! and how long did it appear to him! Was he to expect a reply? In listening all his faculties were suspended. Not a breath of air was to be felt; the foliage was without motion; and all was hushed..... Zunilda at length broke silence. The first sound of her melodious voice struck at once the ear and the heart of Florvel. It was the last verse; the one which, having been dictated by a soft melancholy, was the most expressive. The tones of Zunilda were in unison with the tender simplicity of the words..... Florvel, who was transported with joy, and no longer master of his feelings, was about to throw himself at the feet of Zunilda, but was prevented by the following words. "Approach," said the latter, "come still nearer to me. If I was more

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than commonly successful in singing this verse, it was because you were beside me. Come, my Elerz, my voice assuages the grief of our friend. Allow me to lean on your bosom, and I shall sing still better..... Since it is of service to Florvel, and since it is a satisfaction to him to blend his voice with mine, it will be proper to repeat it."

I shall not attempt to describe what passed in the mind of Florvel, who was completely overpowered by rage and indignation, on finding himself thus cruelly disappointed. Zunilda began the song; but it may readily be supposed, that he neither paid any attention to her, nor felt any inclination to bear a part. Nothing could tear him from the spot where his sufferings were so poignant. On the other hand he seemed to be rivetted to the ground. However, he attempted, by an involuntary movement, to see the two lovers; and in making

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this painful attempt, forcibly threw aside the branches of the trees. Then, scarcely giving himself the time to catch a momentary glimpse of them, he suddenly retired, and shut himself up in his apartment. To add to his mortification he found, on his way, Zunilda's withered bluebottles scattered on the stairs; and could not avoid noticing that she had trodden them beneath her feet. In short, it appeared that every circumstance concurred to humiliate him, and to abate his pride.

He made an attempt to draw a landscape, and approached the window to select, among the surrounding objects, an agreeable view. The first of these objects which struck his sight was the grove he had just quitted. He hastily put to the shutter, and let fall his pencil, which was broken. He next took up a book, but could not comprehend any thing he read.

In the mean time the two lovers rose,

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and drew near to the spot where they had seen Florvel, their search after whom was of course ineffectual.

He was still shut up in his chamber, where he walked to and fro with hasty strides, and in a state of restless agitation, ... "What," said he to himself, "is the part I am acting? A very strange one, I must confess. An artless and unexperienced young woman, a simple inhabitant of these vallies, occupies my attention, and resists me!.. To ingratiate myself with her, I humble myself to such a degree as to enter into a temporary rivalship with the young Elerz, a mountaineer who has no one grace nor accomplishment to boast; and he is preferred in her sight! I debase myself in stooping to these efforts to gain an ascendency over such a rival..... This is too much. I must escape from hence, and, in quitting these regions, abandon a mode of life which is unworthy of me,

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and leave these two beings to what they call their *felicity*. This Zunilda is not deserving of the attentions I bestow on her..... And, indeed, is it possible that she should comprehend me? Has she any of the requisites she ought to possess, to adapt herself to my taste, language, and accomplishments? She has merely been enabled to tempt me for a moment, in the wearisomness of this solitude. If I were fully bent on the possession of her, my success would entirely depend on myself..... My revenge would then be terrible indeed! I am certain, however, that she has not made the slightest impression on my heart."

Thus did Florvel mislead himself by thinking that his pride alone had been wounded. Too haughty to make any further advances, conquered as he was by Elerz, and subjugated by the charms of Zunilda, he quitted one error to fall into another, and was utterly ignorant

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of the real state of his mind. He left the house to inform the two lovers that, as business required his presence elsewhere, he should quit them on the following day. He met Elerz, who accosted him as follows.... "I have at length found you, Florvel! How uneasy you have made us! My Zunilda is likewise in search of you. We have no relish for the charms which result from our social intercourse, while we see you unhappy without knowing the cause. I come to apprise you of a circumstance which will perhaps sooth your melancholy. This day week we are to celebrate the birth-day of Zunilda; and on this happy occasion we are to be joined by the inhabitants of the village. They are so fond of her that they will contend with each other who shall bestow the strongest testimonies of affection. You will aid us in our grateful task. Is it not true that Elerz is the happiest of mortals? Zunilda has not, like the city

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dames of whom we have spoken, graces refined by art, and costly garments to adorn her person. But, look you, my friend, this is not what I am anxious about. I am no stranger to your heart; and you are acquainted with hers, so as to be enabled to estimate all her good and amiable qualities. Yes, I am sure that you love her almost as well as I do myself."

What Elerz said, instantly changed the plans of Florvel. "I was," observed he, "on the eve of my departure, but I am under too many obligations to both of you, to quit at such a juncture. I will blend my prayers with those of all the inhabitants of the province for the amiable Zunilda."

"What," replied Elerz, "scarcely three months have elapsed since a lucky accident brought you hither, and we are to lose you! After having lived for some time together, attachments are formed: Could you have quitted us

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without witnessing the happiness which awaits me? For my part, I can feel that, to render it complete, I have need of your presence."

Florvel, in his reply to this tender expression which flowed from the soul of Elerz, displayed a greater share of embarrassment than tenderness, and quitted him. He was not visible during the rest of the day, and was even absent on the morrow. Elerz learned that he had set out for the town of Hédémona; but that, not having succeeded there in obtaining the presents he destined for Zunilda, on the celebration of the birth-day, he had sent his domestic on to Stockholm. He himself did not reach the valley until the evening; and during the succeeding days put on the same air of melancholy and dejection. At length Zunilda's birth-day arrived. No sooner did the morning dawn, than the valley rang with the shrill notes of the pipes of the shepherds who came down

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from the mountains. By these sounds, which echo repeated, Zunilda was awakened. Having dressed herself, she made choice of her prettiest straw hat, with which she covered her fine hair, black as jet, and twisted in a thousand plaits. Several of these plaits had escaped from the ribbon by which they were tied, and hung negligently down her shoulders. She perceived a basket of flowers suspended to her window, and, seizing it eagerly, found it to contain a nosegay and a wreath of white roses, intermixed with blue-bottles, and the flowers called *heart's-ease*. On touching them, Zunilda found them to be artificial.

To the wreath a ribband was fastened on which were these words: *These flowers never fade: do not despise art, it is sometimes superior to nature.* Zunilda examined these flowers, and did not perceive, as she admired their beauty, that they had no fragrance. Every thing was as strange to her, as the meaning of

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Florvel. By a secret instinct, the wreath and the nosegay of Florvel appeared to her rather as objects of curiosity than ornaments. She could not imagine what they resembled. Presently her door opened; and Elerz entered at the head of a group of young men and women, who came to present their offerings. One brought a basket of rushes; another a lamb; a third a white kid; and others tame turtle-doves. Elerz, unable to procure any flowers, as the season was so far advanced, brought a branch of a tree from the mountains, covered with little red and white berries, which, though they had not the fragrance of flowers, formed a tolerable substitute for them in appearance. He broke the branch into two unequal parts, the largest of which was intended as a nosegay for Zunilda, and the other as an ornament for her hat. He himself arranged these simple decorations, which, contrasted with the whiteness of her

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complexion, and the sombre hue of her mourning, produced a most charming effect.

Zunilda, fair as the morning, and blooming as the rose, embraced all her companions; and with candour and natural freedom shook each of the young men, the friends of Elerz, by the hand, and received of them their presents. Suddenly she recollected her basket, her artificial flowers, and wreath; she shewed them to the young women; and told them that these flowers never faded; which was the only part of the inscription which she had understood. The astonishment was general; the wreath and the nosegay were handed from one to another, and became objects of admiration and envy to them all. The more valuable any thing was, the less Zunilda seemed to prize it. She took the wreath and stripped off the flowers, untied the nosegay, and distributed all the fragments among her com-

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panions. At this instant Florvel entered. He had at a distance observed Zunilda taking in the basket at her window; he hastened to enjoy the reward of his labours: he flattered himself that he should see the wreath he had woven adorn the head, and his nosegay placed in the bosom of the beauteous Zunilda. But what a different sight presented itself! A hundred hands were dividing among themselves his presents. To add to his mortification nobody mistook the donor of these presents; they all knew him; and every one who obtained but a flower or a leaf, thanked him as warmly as if she owed him the utmost gratitude. Still, however, he is compelled to conceal his excessive chagrin. Zunilda, always benevolent and open, experienced such pleasure in giving to her companions what belonged to herself, that she imagined Florvel was no less delighted than herself by the use which she had made of his flowers. So far is she

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from apologising for what she had done, that she simply told him of the pleasure which his present had afforded to her companions; and asked him if he did not think, that the ornaments which Elerz had given her suited her very well. This was too much for Florvel: he could scarcely reply to a compliment, which he alone felt was so unseasonably addressed to him.

The sounds of rural music now announced that the villagers were assembled. — Zunilda leaning on the arm of Elerz, and every young woman taking the hand of a friend, a brother, or a lover, they all quitted the house. Florvel, the solitary Florvel, followed them in silence. As he was leaving the house he perceived the elegant basket in which he had placed the wreath and the nose-gay. He seized it with impatience, and tore it to pieces, and then melancholy and slowly advanced towards the pastoral band, in a state of mind incapable of

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enjoying the charming spectacle, which was about to take place.

The whole plain was covered by the inhabitants of the town and the neighbouring villages. A hundred different groups now catch the eye. Some seated at the foot of a tree enjoy a repast at which mirth presides; while in the branches over their heads, children are playing, who gather the fruit, and throw it among the guests below, who scramble for it. In another spot there are several young girls who divert themselves with racing. The rapidity of their steps, the lightness of their dresses, which seem like wings, form all together a most pleasing picture. In another place, where on this holiday the harvest-cart stands idle, a number of young men are shooting at a mark, while a numerous assembly of spectators are anxiously examining the prize; and others are running towards the spot, fearful that they shall not arrive before the first arrow flies. Every

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thing on this occasion gives way to public joy. The useful harvest-cart, which yesterday was loaded with the rich produce of the earth, to-day serves as an amphitheatre for the curious spectators of this scene. One seats himself upon the wheels; another upon the pole; and a third, more active, balances himself upon one of the highest beams that are placed across the cart. He perhaps keeps this position only a few minutes, and then drops to the ground; while another less alert endeavours in vain to take his situation. There is an unceasing and rapid movement among them, and the spectator himself, by his anxious curiosity, becomes a part of the spectacle. Suddenly the noise of mirth is hushed. A religious silence succeeds. — The minister appears. He advances towards Zunilda, and takes her by the hand. On this signal the men and women divide into two parties; and proceed in silence towards the *Wood of Nativities*. This is

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a place set apart by ancient custom, for an assemblage of trees consecrated by the birth of every child who is born. The wood is situated in a valley between two mountains. The approach to it is extremely difficult; as the mountains projecting towards each other leave only a narrow pass; but soon the view expands and discloses an extensive wood divided into two equal parts by a river which flows from the rocks. On one side is the wood of the women; on the other that of the men; between which the river takes its course, now rapid, and now almost stagnant, and becomes a true emblem of the current of life.

The good Dalecarlians are too unsophisticated to have thought on this image themselves; and chance alone directed them in the choice of this spot. Every father, on whom heaven bestows a child, plants a larch tree on the right hand side of the river, if it be a boy; and a cedar on the left, if it be a girl.

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When death strikes the child whose birth is recorded by this tree, the family assemble on the spot, root up the tree, and break it into pieces, which are buried with the deceased. The roots of the tree are dried by a fire, which is kindled with some of the branches of the same tree; and these are preserved as a tender memorial in some apartment of the house. Every year on the anniversary of a birth-day the parents assemble at this place. Zunilda had neither father nor mother. She had no other relation than Elerz, and all the inhabitants of the valley, whose affection and esteem had almost supplied to her the loss of parents.

The procession has now reached the mountains; the two columns of the men and women unite in the narrow pass which leads to the Wood of Nativities. They arrive at two different paths, where they again separate, and cross the river. Presently they arrive at a young

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but majestic cedar tree, which claims their attention. It is the tree of Zunilda: It is in full vigour, and its branches expand themselves with elegance. Elerz had succeeded to the right of cultivating this tree, upon the death of her father, when she bestowed her hand upon him as her lover. A hedge which he himself had planted round it, protected it from every possible accident; and he never suffered a day to pass by without admiring and attending to this tree. But at this moment, with what tender emotion did he approach it! All the inhabitants stop at a certain distance; Zunilda alone, with a noble yet modest air, approaches the tree, and with a religious sentiment reclining against the cedar, places her hand upon the arm of the holy minister, who chaunts a canticle in which he is joined by the whole assembly. Elerz then carries to the minister a vessel filled with the purest water; he

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mingles with it a few drops of milk; and strews into it the leaves of a wild field flower, at the same time fixing upon Zunilda the tenderest expressions of his regard. — The priest, taking the vessel, walks round the cedar, and sprinkles the roots; after which, raising his eyes and his hands towards heaven, he pronounces aloud this prayer.

"Heaven! prolong the days of Zunilda! Protect a life, which she has devoted to a faithful friend, whom she has chosen for her husband! Let this tree, ever full of the sap which gives it life, be a symbol of the happy days of Zunilda!

"We offer up to thee our united prayers for the happiness of Elerz and Zunilda. We commend them both to thy goodness. Punish him who would attempt to destroy their felicity, or to cloud their life with the slightest affliction. Let him become the victim of

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his own crimes, and let the misery which he would heap upon them, fall upon himself."

Florvel stood near the tree, and appeared to be plunged into a profound reverie. The last words of the minister however suddenly aroused him. He could not listen to them without trembling, and mingled immediately in the croud to conceal the emotion that so painfully agitated his breast.

The ceremony being thus ended, the procession retires from the wood; and the instant it reaches the valley the mirthful sports recommence. The races and the dances, are now resumed, and every one gives himself up to unreserved hilarity. Zunilda seats herself on a green bank, and Elerz reclines at her feet.

"What a day is this for me, my Zunilda!" said he as he pressed her hand; "twenty times have the blossoms appeared on the trees since the moment

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when heaven gave Zunilda to earth and me. Blessed be the day!" "I love this day only on your account, my Elerz," replied Zunilda. "Those trees of which you have spoken will change their foliage again and again, but you shall always see me the same. You are ever in my thoughts. Your existence is so closely interwoven with my own, that I can no longer distinguish a difference."

"Zunilda, did you observe my eyes this morning when the minister sprinkled the roots of the tree?—Tears rolled down my cheeks; but they were delightful tears." — "Ah, Elerz, had not respect for the pastor restrained me, I should have ran to wipe them, and have clasped you in my arms." While thus conversing on the tears of Elerz, they both shed tears afresh.

At this moment where was Florvel? The recollection of the words which the minister pronounced troubled him; yet still he by no means relinquished his de-

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signs. The projects indulged by self-love are the most difficult to abandon, especially by a mind entirely under the dominion of settled and reserved passion.

A company of young girls now arrive, and separating Zunilda from Elerz, compel her to join in the dance. The pipe and tabor, by gay and lively airs, impart fresh spirits to the dancers, who scarcely touching the earth, seem endowed with the power of flight. Suddenly a violent explosion is heard. Pipe, tabor, dancers all cease at once: every ear is listening; and every eye is directed towards the spot whence the noise issued. All is however quiet.... The music and dancing are resumed with still greater sprightliness.... A second noise much louder, again suspends their pleasures..... Florvel now approached Zunilda, and, with an air of mystery, observed to her that the sound came from the wood; "Ought we to go there?" added he.— "Yes," replied Elerz, "let us go."

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"Let the music then accompany us," said Florvel. Immediately the rural band collect together, and march first, followed by the mirthful croud, who sing their country airs. — Arrived at the entrance of the wood, Zunilda discovers under a tent, a repast as sumptuous as the country could possibly furnish. All the adjoining trees were decorated with garlands, and covered with mottoes and verses in praise of Zunilda.

Florvel conducted Zunilda to the table, with her favourite companions; and placed himself near her. She read many of the mottoes without comprehending them; Florvel, however, explained their meaning as well as he could in the presence of Elerz. Perceiving that she could scarcely understand his sentiments from his verses, he went so far as to seize under the table one of her hands. — Zunilda, all innocence, perceived no harm in this act, but raising her lovely eyes, imagined that he

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intended by it to direct her attention to the mottoes. He then ventured even to press her hand with a most expressive look. Still he was no better understood. Zunilda suffered her hand to remain in his with the most ingenuous and candid indifference.

Florvel despairing of success in making himself understood, relinquished the attempt.

All the astonished multitude approach the table in their turn, and walk round it. Soon, however, tired of so dull a spectacle, they take away the instruments, and resume their dancing at the entrance of the wood.

Zunilda, with all that sprightly gaiety so natural to her age, rose briskly from the table, and taking the hand of Elerz, ran towards the dancers, followed by all her companions.

Evening now approached: the gallant Frenchman did not intend that his fête should terminate with the light of day.

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He had caused some pits to be dug in different places behind some groups of trees; and had filled them with inflammable materials, the flames of which, he conceived, would produce a most beautiful reflection among the branches of the trees.

Chagrined and out of humour, Florvel hesitated whether he should pay this last compliment to Zunilda, or not. As, however, all the preparations were made, he decided in the affirmative, and accordingly gave the signal to those, whom he had employed. In an instant the whole wood, and part of the adjoining plain, are suddenly illuminated. The sun had declined, and the dancing had ceased. Florvel had intended to have added one pleasure to another; but he is always unfortunate. Having admitted nobody into his confidence except the labourers he had employed, all the assembled inhabitants, upon the sudden appearance of the flames, naturally con-

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cluded that the wood was on fire, and that the flames had communicated to the cottages which skirted the plain. Elerz and Zunilda are equally terrified; and run about in every direction. A general alarm is given, and repeated in the villages. Every one is running towards the wood; and all is confusion and dismay. In vain Florvel and his assistants run about, attempting to pacify the people; in vain they exclaim that it is only a fête, and that it is not a conflagration; some will not stop to hear them, and others conceive them to be out of their senses. The tent, the garlands, the mottoes, are all overthrown and destroyed; after the expiration of some hours the fire is extinguished, and every one, though still terrified, returns to his dwelling. At length Florvel succeeds in obtaining a hearing from Elerz and Zunilda, and persuades them that the scene he had taken such pains to pre-

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pare ought to have been most delightful.

Nothing succeeded with Florvel. A state of secret suspense tormented him unceasingly; and he had now perhaps arrived at a point, when he dared not to examine his heart. Absorbed in doubts and reveries, he the next morning, at an early hour, entered the apartment of Zunilda, and found her bathed in tears, with Elerz kneeling at her feet, and endeavouring to console her.

War had been declared between Sweden and Russia; a fresh levy of men had been ordered; and Elerz was compelled to repair to the neighbouring town within two days, to draw lots on this occasion.

"Compose yourself, my Zunilda," said Elerz, "perhaps the lot will not fall upon me; but if I must leave you, I shall go to defend my country; and I wish to distinguish myself, and to render myself more worthy of my Zunilda.

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Doubtless in quitting you my heart will suffer; but in this distress it is some consolation to reflect, that I leave with you a firm and a faithful friend. If ever Florvel felt any attachment to us, now is the time to prove it by swearing to me he will not quit you until I return."

It is easy to conceive what passed at this instant in the minds of Florvel and of Elerz. Nothing could soften the heart of the former; neither the affecting confidence of Elerz, nor the bitter tears of his mistress could move him. A secret joy took possession of his soul in perceiving the probability there was, that he should be thus freed from a dangerous rival. The culpable design of the seducer thus again roused in his breast the tumults of the lover.

Elerz departed; he snatched Zunilda to his bosom, he embraced Florvel with a cordiality the very opposite to the secret sentiments cherished by his rival. The latter, when he felt himself pressed

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to the bosom of the friend whom he wished to betray, experienced an involuntary emotion; but it was rather a feeling of embarrassment than of remorse.

The fate of Elerz was to be decided in the space of four days. If Florvel could have ensured his departure for the army, in all probability he would not have resorted to extremities for the seduction of Zunilda; but, unwilling to trust to chance, he determined to make every possible attempt during the certain period of his absence.

On a solitary spot in the deep recess of a wood, where every thing breathed tranquillity and peace, he caused a little pavilion to be constructed with all possible speed; and ornamented it with every elegance, which his imagination could suggest, and the country could afford. The few flowers which still remained were obtained from a great distance in the country, and were distri-

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buted in the pavilion in the form of garlands, nosegays, and festoons.

Florvel never quitted Zunilda. Perfectly confiding in him, she received without the least uneasiness every attention which he bestowed upon her with a view of diverting her grief. The office which he had undertaken naturally authorized him to speak to her in the glowing language of affection: the uncorrupted mind is unsuspecting, and reposes itself upon the consolation that is offered to it.

Florvel proposed a walk to Zunilda. The evening was fine, and the weather temperate and serene; she accepted his proposal, and supported herself upon his arm.

After several turnings they arrived at the pavilion. Zunilda recognised the gallantry of Florvel, and thanked him for it; she also noticed all the decorations of this retreat, but rather from complaisance to him, than from any pleasure which they afforded to her. He

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conducted her to a seat; and placing himself near her, took up a guitar and sung these lines:

SONG.

Ah, not thy verdure, blooming fields!
Nor flow'rets fair, my bosom warm:
This rapture Zelia's presence yields,
And gives to ev'ry flower a charm.

Pure stream, whose banks sweet roses shade,
More pure, more clear thy waters flow;
Since they have press'd the beauteous maid,
Whose charms still on thy surface glow.

From Zelia's eyes the Summer steals
The fires that scorch the thirsty plain;
And Zelia's breath the source reveals,
Where fragrant airs their odours gain.

Zunilda, pensive and sad, though she appeared to listen, knew not one word that he sung. Florvel perceiving that she was absorbed in thought, artfully introduced the name of Elerz. Instantly her lovely eyes were turned towards Florvel, and her ear was ready

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to devour the sound with avidity: the skilful seducer availed himself of this artifice, and insensibly changed the subject of his songs, or his discourse. The bliss, the raptures of love now became his theme. But the moment he ceased to speak of Elerz, a cold indifference was depicted on the countenance of Zunilda, and she sunk again into a profound reverie.

Florvel was not discouraged; the tender grief to which he saw she was a prey, emboldened him to take her hand; to wipe the tears from her eyes, and even to press her to his bosom. The innocent Zunilda construed his conduct into a proof of his friendship. So far from apprehending danger she listened with pleasure to the consoling expressions which he uttered with an agitated voice. Frequently even she reposed her lovely head upon the shoulder of Florvel; who was consumed by the fires of a guilty passion.

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His chief aim being to put Zunilda off her guard, he congratulated himself upon having been thus far successful: he sometimes imagined that he could perceive desire insensibly taking possession of her mind, and producing a delightful languor which would overcome her; while at other times he could discover in her no symptoms but those of innocence and grief. He could now no longer disguise his odious project; every thing short of the perpetration of his wicked design had been hazarded; to proceed one step further, would betray him; and if unsuccessful, would cover him with ignominy.

At this critical moment Zunilda suddenly ejaculated, "Oh Elerz—Elerz! could you but witness all the anxiety of your friend for me! how would your sensibility enjoy his kind attentions?—If my sorrow admitted of relief, I should certainly experience it from his endeavours."

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As she uttered these words she bestowed upon Florvel a look so full of tenderness and sorrow, that it penetrated his very soul; she pressed one of his hands with an affectionate warmth, that at once evinced her confidence and her sensibility.

"Adorable Zunilda," said Florvel, "is there any merit in loving the most perfect and the most amiable being, which nature ever formed? In the days of simplicity and innocence, mankind would have erected altars to Zunilda."

As one discordant note sometimes interrupts the sweetest harmony, so this forced panegyric, and artificial enthusiasm of Florvel, combined with the emotion expressed in his countenance, and in the fire of his eyes, suddenly aroused Zunilda from her delightful reverie. She looked at Florvel with astonishment; she attempted to discover the cause of this sudden and unexpected agitation; but as she was incapable of

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conceiving a thought prejudicial to his innocence, and as she frequently found herself at a loss to understand his conversation, she did not long trouble herself to divine the meaning of his present conduct; but suffered her thoughts to return to her dear Elerz. Still further to increase the intoxication of Florvel, at this instant feeling herself incommoded by a handkerchief which she wore, she threw it carelessly off, and discovered a thousand charms which he had hitherto only beheld in imagination, and which he now gazed upon with extasy. He could no longer refrain; he drew nearer to her. She was seated exactly opposite to a window, which commanded a view of the town, to which Elerz was gone.

She felt herself pressed tenderly in the arms of Florvel; and she returned his emotions with the most perfect innocence: she pointed out to him the road to the town; she remained fixed to the

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same place, her eyes always rivetted to the same object. They at length filled with tears; her limbs trembled, and she sunk in a tender reverie into the arms of Florvel; who passionately drew her from the window.

It was night.—The moon shone with a mild lustre; its rays fell upon the lovely face of Zunilda; and that alabaster neck, which Florvel devoured with his eyes. Who can describe the contrast of their different feelings? The confidence, the tranquillity of Zunilda, the confusion, the perturbation of Florvel. His hands tremble.... his heart palpitates with violence.... his soul is utterly subdued; his reason is entirely lost. In the last stage of his delirium, he is on the point of abandoning himself to the full enjoyment of all these transports. Suddenly Zunilda drew from her bosom a lock of Elerz's hair, which she constantly kept there; and pressing it to her burning lips, kissed it and bathed

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it with her tears..... "O my Elerz!" exclaimed she, "perhaps at this moment cruel fate has determined to snatch you from me: perhaps the barbarians, who have torn you from me, are about to expose your life to danger. Alas, it is probable we shall not meet again on this side of eternity.... Should it be so, I now swear by this pledge, which I have ever worn near my heart, I swear in the bosom of our affectionate and feeling friend, that I will not for one moment survive you! Four days ago we were happy in the Wood of Nativities; if I lose you, in the Valley of Tombs we shall be united. O star of night, which now shines upon us, direct my steps! — I will renew this vow upon the ashes of my fathers!"

As Zunilda pronounced these words, she arose.... She no longer wept.... but a deep melancholy was visible in her eyes, and her whole countenance was marked with grief.

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Florvel, mortified by this sudden emotion of Zunilda, remained motionless. He did not make the slightest effort to detain her; but his mind sunk at once from the summit of hope, of admiration, and of transport, to despair. He however followed the footsteps of Zunilda; she fled with speed; but by the light of the moon he discovered the path she had taken, overtook her, and arrived at the same instant with her, in the Valley of Tombs.

She rushed into the inclosure. — A sacred veneration arrested the footsteps of Florvel. — He paused. — He deliberated. — He advanced with a trembling step, — but suddenly retreated. — The solemn silence of the night, the awful scene of so many sepulchres in this solitary place, — that melancholy self-examination which all men feel among the habitations of the dead, every thing around him conspired at once to work a sudden revolution in the mind of Flor-

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vel! — He is now no longer the depraved seducer in pursuit of innocence; he is a man who perceives his errors; whose reason now speaks louder than his passions, who reflects, who is in fact awakened from an intoxicating dream. — A moment before this change he did not dare to bend his steps towards this scene; now he tranquilly wanders among the tombs; and every step which he advances in this silent abode, purifies his mind, and brings him nearer to a sense of morality and religion. — Florvel is not radically vicious; the world has seduced him, and his own self-conceit had plunged him into a thousand errors; yet a proper opportunity was alone wanting to unfold his virtues. Every object which he now beheld gave new cause for meditation; and every reflection which arose in his mind added to his remorse. He still continued his search after Zunilda; but he now sought her with the composure of a purified heart. At length

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as he turned into a long avenue of cypress trees, he observed a simple tomb surrounded by young poplars; and upon approaching it, perceived Zunilda prostrate upon the sepulchre and bathed in tears. This sight made a most powerful impression upon his mind.

"O my father!" exclaimed Zunilda, "I come to offer up my prayers to Heaven on thy tomb. Thus near to thee, my supplications will possess more efficacy. Almighty God, restore to me my Elerz!" .... These last words were uttered in a tone so pathetic, and so solemn, that Florvel himself was most sensibly affected! Tears forced their passage from his eyes, ... O pleasing influence of sincerity and virtue, upon a mind of sensibility! He imagined that he heard within himself a secret voice, repeat, "*Almighty God, restore to her, her Elerz.*" — The opposite feelings of passion and of pity produced a terrible conflict in his breast, and disordered his whole frame

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in a degree which the powers of my pen are too feeble to describe. His heart sinks within him; his brain is on fire, his ideas are totally confused, and reason has forsaken him. — He flies with the rapidity of lightning from the Valley of Tombs, like the victim of the woods, who escapes across the plains bearing in his sides the cruel arrow which has struck him, and from which he vainly thinks his speed will extricate him. Just so the unhappy Florvel fled towards the summit of the mountains, still listening in imagination to these words, which he thinks proceed from the inmost recesses of his heart, and which he involuntarily repeats; — "*O God, restore to her, her Elerz.*"

In the mean time Zunilda having concluded her prayer, had thrown herself upon the tomb of her father, dumb with grief, and absorbed in holy meditation. Suddenly she is aroused by a confused noise, and the air at length resounds

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with shouts of joy. — The lively notes of the pipe are mingled with these rejoicings; the names of Zunilda and Elerz are repeated by the echoes of the vallies; — they draw nearer and nearer, until at last all their voices are distinctly heard.

Ah, Zunilda, excellent Zunilda, — how much you are beloved by every inhabitant of the village! — They all now covet the happiness of announcing to you the good fortune which awaits you. — They restore to you your lover in triumph. — Fate has respected your felicity, and has ordained, that another than Elerz should repair to the camp!

Zunilda precipitately arises; she cannot yet believe that such happiness is real; she listens with anxious attention; a pleasing murmuring convinces her, that she is not deceived. She flies to the entrance of the wood. She finds herself in a moment in the arms of Elerz,

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whose rapture can only be compared to her own.

What a blissful moment! Their words die on their lips; tears glisten in their eyes; they embrace, they fold each other in their arms. — Every one present is anxious to give them some testimony of their joy; and they throw themselves by turns into a thousand arms extended to embrace them.

When the first ebullitions of joy were over, they returned towards their dwelling accompanied by the rural musicians. At every step they are interrupted by their kind neighbours with a new offering. — One brings them a young lamb, another some honey from the mountains. At one place a hunter lays at the feet of Zunilda the produce of his skill; and a little further off a child presents her with a fluttering bird which he has taken. Their road is strewed with flowers; and the air resounds with shouts of joy. Old age, infancy, and

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youth mingle together in these demonstrations of their joy, and increase their pleasures by communicating them to each other.

Florvel in the mean time wandered solitary at a distance from these scenes of congratulation and joy.—A secret power withheld him from flying into the arms of his two friends. Reflecting seriously and deeply upon his situation, he was led involuntarily to a comparison of the tumultuous passions which he had secretly cherished with that charming candour which marked the lives of Elerz and Zunilda.

"Is it possible!" said he to himself. . . . "Can they be happy?.... Have I been all this time deceiving myself?.... Is there then actually a woman, who is not a coquette? — a woman who loves but one alone, and whose heart is proof against seduction? If there be one such, Zunilda is that one, — and her another than myself possesses!.... What means,

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what secret stratagem has he employed to create in her such an undivided attachment?.... Alas! his art consists in being wholly free from art. It must be so. A simple child of nature like herself, he has rendered himself dear to her by this point of resemblance alone... Let me then abandon the efforts of art which are thrown away upon Zunilda, and henceforth let Elerz be my model. I shall without difficulty assume this disguise of simplicity, for it is much easier to renounce art altogether, than to submit to its dominion."

Florvel lost no time in putting his project into execution. It was not enough to change his manners and his speech; he even adopted a different dress. His flaxen locks fell in natural ringlets on his forehead; and that elegance of person for which he was so remarkable, was transformed into the rustic appearance of the inhabitants of the mountains.

It still however remained to assume a

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conduct and conversation suitable to this appearance; and this part of his task Florvel found to be the most difficult. Under this assumed exterior he still remained the man of the world in masquerade.

In the presence of Zunilda would he not be much more likely to betray his designs by his conversation, than to remind her of his real condition by the elegance of his manners? The mind that is unacquainted with sincerity must be as much at a loss to utter sentiments of candour, as is the form that has been tutored by art, to counterfeit the air of nature.

The threatened departure of Florvel had been long a source of regret to the two lovers, who cautiously avoided speaking of that painful moment, which they believed to be near. What then was their astonishment, their joy, when they saw Florvel assume the dress of the

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country, and heard him express an intention of fixing himself near them?

He pretended to them, that the troubles which then desolated France had driven him from his country; and added, that he had recently received the melancholy tidings of some losses, which afflicted his heart in the severest degree.

"The gloom of despair," he said, "hung over him; and he wished for a long time to renounce those places which he could never see again without the most poignant grief."

The two lovers exert themselves to afford consolation to him under these pretended afflictions; they promise him that they will be every thing to him; and that they will supply to him the place of friends, of family, and country.... These kind expressions, this impulse of pure benevolence, ought to have restored Florvel to the paths of virtue!.. But no; his self-love is too much interested in the game he is now playing; and to

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that he determines to sacrifice every other principle and feeling.

At the same time, however much Florvel might still deceive himself, there lurked at the bottom of his heart a profound attachment to Zunilda, which he now was about to feel in its full force.

Several months rolled on.... Florvel, who hitherto had merely been a spectator of the daily avocations of the two lovers, now became himself a partaker of their employments. He superintends the labours of the field, where the early dawn constantly finds him employed. The favourite lambs of Zunilda are his peculiar care; and he rears those flowers which are difficult to preserve from the rigour of the climate. With inexpressible delight he contemplates the plants, which by his care will become the favourite flowers of Zunilda.

Thus then, Florvel, a change is wrought in your heart, of which you yourself are by no means aware! You imagine that

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all the pains you take are merely to effect a particular purpose of your own: but, in truth, they are the symptoms of a love of which you are inconscious.

It became now the peculiar study of Florvel to imitate Elerz, and to learn from him those traits that were so pleasing to Zunilda. What a triumph of nature!

It happened one day that Elerz and Florvel met together earlier than usual, and before Zunilda had appeared. During the preparations for breakfast, Florvel, by no means satisfied with the observations which he had made, wished, by conversing with his rival, to penetrate into the sentiments of his heart, for the purpose of obtaining some useful information for the furtherance of his designs.

Their conversation was nearly as follows, though it should be observed, that the answers of Elerz lose much of

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their simplicity and candour by not being given in the Swedish language.

FLORVEL.

Tell me, Elerz; was your love for Zenilda suddenly excited?

ELERZ.

I loved her as soon as I saw her.

FLORVEL.

And did not you endeavour to conquer your love?

ELERZ.

I don't understand you.

FLORVEL.

I ask you, if you did not try not to love her?

ELERZ.

Was that possible? Besides, why should I?

FLORVEL.

From an apprehension that she might not return your affection.

ELERZ.

I never dreamt of that... To love,

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is not to think whether a woman will love you.

FLORVEL.

If, however, she had not loved you, you would have been miserable?

ELERZ.

Yes—but, as I said, I did not think of that.

FLORVEL,

And what means did you take to please her?

ELERZ.

I loved her.... That was all.

FLORVEL.

You told her so at once, then?

ELERZ.

As soon as I knew her.

FLORVEL.

Did you indulge a strong hope, that she would give you a favourable answer?

ELERZ.

I thought on what I said to her, and not on what she would reply to me.

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FLORVEL.

Why not? . . She might, for instance, have answered thus:—*I do not love you, I will not marry you.* . . . You might then have become unhappy.

ELERZ.

My heart was so full of the sentiment I felt, that there was no room for fear. One cannot think on two things at once.

FLORVEL.

From that moment you studied all day long, what you could do to please her; what means you could use to fascinate her!

ELERZ.

No: . . . . When I carried some flowers to her, and remained in her company, it was not with a view to gain her affection; I did so because my heart wished it.

FLORVEL.

Among all the attentions which you bestowed upon her, what was she most delighted with?

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ELERZ.

With all alike; with whatever I did; whatever I gave her; and whatever I said to her.

FLORVEL.

Did she on her part immediately endeavour to discover the means of affording you pleasure?

ELERZ.

No, no more than I did; though, without designing to please me, she could not do otherwise. She is all goodness.

FLORVEL.

But what if another besides you had loved her?

ELERZ.

Oh, we can count up a great many! I am very glad that they love her.

FLORVEL.

You have no idea of jealousy, then?

ELERZ.

I do not know what it is.

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FLORVEL.

How! Have you no apprehension that another person may become agreeable to Zunilda?

ELERZ.

That cannot be, because she loves me.

They were at this point of the conversation when Zunilda joined them. The candid but decisive answers of Elerz, had thrown Florvel into a profound reverie. Zunilda was never before in such excellent spirits as at that moment.... Without observing the sadness of Florvel, she advanced towards him with that grace which always accompanied her actions..... "It is a most delightful morning," said she to him, "let us avail ourselves of it. I have ordered our little boat to be got ready; and we will take an excursion upon the river, which flows along the edge of the plain; it will convey us to a farm belonging to a friend of Elerz, and we will there spend the day. We wish to

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apprise him of our wedding day, which is now near at hand."...." Yes," rejoined Elerz, " my happiness will be increased when it is shared with my friends."

Every word was a dagger in the heart of Florvel. They all, however, embarked, and the tide swiftly carried them out of sight of the shore. They all three sat upon one seat; Zunilda was in the middle, and Florvel and Elerz were on each side of her. Her arm encircled her lover, who pressed her hand to his bosom; and Florvel held her other hand in his..... " Thus," said she, " would I pass my whole life." These words excited in Florvel two contradictory feelings. The fire of love consumed his very soul;.. but at the same moment the friendship of Elerz and Zunilda irresistibly impelled him to recollect what he owed to the rights of hospitality. Every instant some fresh circumstance presented itself which was

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calculated to inspire him with a just sense of the delicate situation in which he was placed; and to bring him to a proper reflection upon his own errors, in which nothing but the infatuation of pride now prompted him to persist.

During their voyage a thousand pleasing views and objects attracted and delighted their attention.... The various reflections which naturally resulted from a view of the beautiful scenery had occasioned them all to indulge a contemplative silence; which Zunilda first broke.

"Florvel," said she, "you know how much I am pleased with your voice: pray sing me a song."

How could he refuse Zunilda? He sung:

As swiftly flows this rapid tide,
So, swiftly flies our time away;
Our idle wishes both deride,
For no man time or tide will stay.

Whether along life's shores we steer,
With careful toil, or heedless sport,
The same swift current brings us near,
The lurking rock, or destin'd port.

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Florvel found considerable difficulty in assuming simplicity, even in the words of a song. The figurative expressions were not perfectly understood by Elerz or Zunilda. They, however, joined him in a sort of chorus by repeating the concluding lines. He continued:

As thus we glide before the gale,
A thousand varying views arise;
Such changing scenes in life prevail,
Such fleeting prospects mock our eyes.

But when an object strikes the heart,
In vain it flies from outward view;
Since love to mem'ry will impart
The cherish'd image ever new.

Thus he who in his bosom bears
The potent fires of youthful love,
Nor sees the beauties nature wears,
Nor hears the music of the grove.

One only object fills his sight,
One only object claims his ear;
That object forms his sole delight,
And mem'ry views her ever near.

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Florvel wished the voyage had been longer. He felt himself almost happy, and saw with regret the place of their destination; the farm of Elerz's friend being only two leagues distant from the residence of Zunilda.

Norten, such was the name of this friend, was himself in his pleasure boat taking the diversion of fishing, when his friends arrived opposite his house. He saw them with joy.... In a moment he left his nets and leapt into the boat to Zunilda. Florvel, whom Norten did not notice, observed this action with some surprise.

Elerz presented him to Norten, "This," said he, "is a young Frenchman I have brought to see you; but he is no stranger to you, for he is our friend. We have lived together long enough to be able to assure you that he is good, generous, and worthy of your esteem," — Norten was not a man of compliments.... He embraced Florvel; and

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simply said, "Welcome, young Frenchman, make my house your own; I shall treat you as I do Elerz; and I cannot say more."

Florvel answered with politeness, and Norten, taking the oars out of the hands of the boatman, who rowed too slowly to keep pace with his impatience, himself rowed his friends into a little creek, which bounded his garden.

Florvel had never risked one word in the presence of Zunilda, which could from its warmth betray his secret. An accident, however, which happened as he was handing her from the boat was near throwing him off his guard.... Her foot slipped. He caught her in his arms; and as he was standing on the shore, and she on the edge of the boat, and as the wind at the moment had blown aside her handkerchief, the naked bosom of Zunilda pressed against the lips of Florvel. — A prude would have blushed; but Zunilda was too innocent

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to attach any importance to such an accident. As to Florvel, what he felt can only be imagined!.... Such was his ecstacy at the moment, that he could only exclaim,—"*Ah, Zunilda!*".. and at the same time involuntarily pressed her to his bosom with the liveliest emotion. Zunilda attributed this agitation of her friend entirely to his fright at her fall, and laughing herself most heartily at this slight accident, ran to join Elerz, and thus completed the chagrin of Florvel, whom she left in a state of stupefaction which it is difficult to describe.

"How now," exclaimed Norten to him, "why do you stand here by yourself on the shore?.. We are going to take some refreshment. — Come, what makes you keep away from us? Cheer up, cheer up, — you are heartily welcome.... Elerz said truly, you can be no stranger here, for my friends love you."

The repast was plain, but excellent of

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its kind, and accompanied by mirth. — Florvel alone was thoughtful and silent. During their dessert the worthy Norten drank to the health of Zunilda. — "*To your happiness, Zunilda,*" said he, pushing her gently into the arms of Elerz. He cast upon her at this moment a look so full of expression that it attracted the notice of Florvel. — Norten's eyes were filled with tears.... A sentiment of tenderness was visible in the countenance of his guests; but Florvel remained silent.... "Don't let this sight astonish you, sir," said the excellent Norten.... "My friends, I have nothing to conceal from you at this moment; and indeed why should I disguise a circumstance, which I glory in, and the remembrance of which is at once the sorrow and the delight of my life? Know that I loved Zunilda; that I shall always love her.... This declaration cannot occasion the least uneasiness to Elerz, for he knows me, and esteems me. — I one

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day saw Zunilda; and that one single moment attached me to her for ever. I settled myself in the village where she dwells. — Elerz had the happiness to gain her affections; and it became my duty to conceal my love within my own bosom, and to continue the friend of my rival. Cursed be he, who respects not the choice of a virtuous woman! It is the worst of crimes to attempt to destroy the happiness of others, and especially the happiness of two such pure and perfect hearts as theirs! And what, alas! could such a criminal hope for, but to entail misery on others, and remorse upon himself. . . ."

Florvel could no longer conceal his emotion, but as Norten concluded the sentence, he suddenly arose, and left the table.

Let us contemplate for a moment this Florvel, so brilliantly successful, scoffing at the passions which he had excited, in the persuasion that he himself should

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never feel the wounds of love! Behold him now overwhelmed by a thousand different emotions, a thousand contradictory feelings, a victim to the power, not of an accomplished and witty coquette, but of a simple child of nature.

One single word from the lips of Norten had made him absolutely ashamed of himself. He now blushed from a conviction of the wickedness of his designs, rather than from the mortification of their failure. All the odious deformity of his past conduct presented itself to his view, but still lacking the requisite fortitude to adopt a generous and proper line of action, he endured the torments of indecision, in addition to his former sufferings.

Among all the circumstances which Florvel had ever experienced, nothing had made so deep an impression upon his mind as this accidental discovery of the similarity of his situation to that of Norten. For the first time in

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his life he felt the pangs of remorse; and at length, though removed from all observation, he even blushed. At this moment Zunilda entered the grove where Florvel was sitting on a bank formed of green turf, leaning his head upon his hand, buried in profound meditation. She advanced towards the spot, and seating herself by his side, she entered into conversation with him with the tenderest confidence, and importuned him to disclose the cause of his unhappiness. The innocence, and simplicity of her conduct threw Florvel into such a state of embarrassment and surprise, as prevented him for some time from utterring a word. . . . He took the hand of Zunilda, which she with perfect purity permitted him to retain. He felt his passions rekindling, when this lovely young woman cast upon him a look so tranquil, so serene, that it completely awed his soul. — He strove to extricate himself from the dominion of

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that unknown power, which he felt within his breast: and again the eyes of Zunilda a second time aroused the voice of conscience. For some time past he had endeavoured to imitate Zunilda, by assuming the semblance of her natural frankness and sincerity; and at this moment she compelled him to be really candid. A sudden change, which, however, had been long preparing, but of which he was himself unconscious, now took place in the heart of Florvel. This kind concern of Zunilda, the undisguised interest with which she sought him, made upon that heart a far more powerful impression, than the accumulated reproaches of the whole world could have done, supposing his situation had been known. What a splendid triumph of virtue! — Florvel sought to corrupt its genuine simplicity in the heart of Zunilda; and it has purified his own.

Norten and Elerz now appeared together. . . "I see him," said Elerz, as

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they advanced. " Nothing can divert the melancholy of our friend. The amusements which are in our power to offer him, do not possess sufficient interest to detach him for a moment from the painful recollection of his country. They who have experienced other pleasures, cannot possibly relish such humble entertainments as ours." " You deceive yourself," replied Florvel with earnestness, " I am thoroughly convinced, from this moment, that the most innocent and simple pleasures, will be those which I shall enjoy the most. By residing with Zunilda and you, every one must become better than he was before. You are both formed to produce the noblest effects upon the mind; and the charming spectacle of your happiness———"

At this instant Florvel cast a look towards Zunilda; and became too much agitated to proceed. The worthy Norten finished the sentence by repeating

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with warmth: "Yes, the charming spectacle of their happiness is at once a pleasing picture and an instructive lesson."

Norten expressed himself with eloquence and sensibility. — He drew so lively a picture of the association of three beings, whom love and friendship had united together, that Florvel, perhaps for the first time in his life, felt himself affected even to tears, which with difficulty he concealed. — In the mean time evening approached, and this interesting party separated, with a positive promise from Norten, that he would spend the wedding day with Zunilda. The three friends then returned to their habitation.

During the voyage Florvel was more tranquil. He endeavoured to collect himself, to appear cheerful, but in spite of his efforts he soon sunk again into a profound reverie.

He passed the night in a very unquiet

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sta e. Excessive heaviness, at length, closed his eyelids for a few moments; but he quickly awoke again to pain. Hitherto his situation had been rendered more supportable even by the agitation of his hopes and fears. Now, he has one constant and incessant torment alone, which is his struggle to renounce for ever all hopes of Zunilda. He has discarded those projects, which even in idea afforded some consolation, or some flattering hope. His eyes are now opened; and a terrible light breaks in upon his mind. Remorse for his past errors is among the least of his sufferings. He has now become wholly insensible and indifferent to every object in creation but Zunilda. There appears to him nothing in existence worthy of his regard excepting her, and of her he must absolutely abjure every hope! Of what importance is life now to him? The void which he feels within is death to him; he was an infidel in love, and he has now only

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become convinced of its existence, by suffering its torments as a punishment. Alas! what an object of envy to him was the worthy Norten. Fortitude had enabled Florvel to make a sacrifice, but he possessed not sufficient virtue to feel a pleasure in the performance of a trying duty. However he might deceive himself, this fortitude in Florvel was rather the result of pride than of virtue. Self-love was still discoverable even in the resolution he had taken to relinquish his vain projects. That ungovernable impulse continued for a considerable time longer to retain its power over this infatuated man.

Several months passed on, during which he imagined that he had conquered his attachment, as he no longer acknowleged to himself the existence of a vehement passion. He conceived that he could now support the perpetual sight of the loves of Zunilda and Elerz. The dreadful constraint which he thus

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imposed upon himself, and the violence of these struggles daily undermined his health; but he constantly mistook, or feigned to mistake, the true state of his heart, until an unexpected event too plainly discovered it.

He now constantly frequented the deepest recesses of the woods, and the most solitary places of retirement, where tears, remorse, and the pangs of hopeless love consumed his days. Why did he not quit a country so fatal to his repose? — He had not sufficient fortitude for such a sacrifice; but after enduring whole days of torture, he still found some solace in being beneath the same roof with Zunilda, that Zunilda, whom he had at first beheld with so much indifference, and whom he had imagined he could so easily seduce, but who by degrees had become the sovereign disposer of his fate.

If in these short interviews with Zunilda and Elerz he was unhappy, his sorrow

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was at least tranquil. He no longer mingled with his grief that fire of secret rage against the man who was preferred to himself. He rather considered him as the source of the happiness of Zunilda, than as the cause of his own despair. In short, though he could not regard him any longer as a friend, he did not consider him merely as a rival.

His misery now rapidly advanced to that point, beyond which he could no longer endure it. Such is the nature of hopeless sorrow; it becomes every moment more and more acute until the period that it destroys us.

Florvel became visibly exhausted thro' want of sleep and rest. His friends became alarmed for his situation, and both lamented their ignorance of the cause of his calamity. Had they been acquainted with his malady, their own felicity would have been poisoned.

Could Florvel have wept he would not have suffered so poignantly; but

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his eyes burnt up with an impotent sorrow, could not afford him the relief of tears. As he was one day, according to his custom, wandering solitarily in a neighbouring wood, he arrived at a rock which commanded a view of the woods and plains beneath. Here in the delirium of his grief he inscribed these lines upon a tree against which he supported himself.

The fairest flow'r blooms, but to fade and die;
  The brightest day in shades of darkness ends:
Destruction's arrows thick around me fly,
  While grief eternal my lorn bosom rends.

Time mocks the mis'ry of my broken heart,
  Each passing moment brings some added woe.
Tears, that were wont a sad relief t'impart,
  Withdraw their bounty, and no longer flow.

O Love, whose barbed shafts have struck so deep,
  Attend a wretched victim's fervent pray'r;
Oh, give his burning eyes again to weep;;
  And snatch a broken spirit from despair!

Having finished this effusion he sat him-

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self down on the point of the rock. Occupied too deeply in the indulgence of his sorrows, he did not observe the gathering storm, which threatened to burst around him. Alas, what was the clashing of the elements to him, compared with the tempest that raged in his heart! At length the thunder roared, the rain fell in torrents, and yet Florvel did not change his attitude. Presently a vivid flash of lightning aroused him, when by its light he saw upon the bank of a river that flowed near him, Zunilda trembling in the arms of Elerz, having been overtaken by the storm. Her lover shelters her heneath an hospitable oak; she clings round the neck of Elerz, she seems desirous of screening herself entirely in his bosom; while her action alternately expresses love and fear.

What a frightful spectacle to Florvel! Hitherto he had only known the pangs of hopeless love; and scarcely would he acknowledge to himself that he was jea-

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lous. The present moment, however, fully displayed his jealousy, and even converted it to rage. Elerz himself became odious to his sight; and yet when darkness succeeded to the fugitive light, Florvel wished to penetrate through the shades to behold again that fatal scene which had driven him to madness. He rushes precipitately towards the torrent, which separates him from the two lovers; his reason fails him. Such was the wildness of his despair at the moment, that had not the river intervened between him and them, he would have attempted to tear them from each other.

Senseless and exhausted he sunk upon the bank of the river, and there passed the whole night, exposed to the tremendous storm, in a state of total insensibility. Day at length began to dawn, and the late storm is succeeded by a perfect calm over the face of nature; but no tranquillity returns to the breast of Flor-

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vel. The rays of the rising sun fall upon his eyes, and awaken him to despair! His first looks are directed to the spot where he had beheld the lovers, but they are no longer to be seen. He hastens to the point of the rock, and from thence again beholds the tree under whose branches Zunilda was sheltered in the arms of Elerz. All the agonizing torments of jealousy now consume him. To complete his torture he hears the sound of rustic music at a distance, and observes the preparations which are making in the town, and at the residence of Zunilda for a grand fête. Horrible recollection! It darts upon his memory, that this is the day long since appointed for the marriage of Elerz and Zunilda. This last stroke decides the fate of the unhappy Florvel.

"All is over then!" exclaimed he with a mournful accent. "Elerz, Zunilda, and ye inauspicious scenes to which in an unhappy hour I was directed, I

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leave you all. I shall never behold you more; I abandon for ever a fatal country where nothing but despair awaits me!"

As he uttered these words he attempted to depart; but his strength failed him, and he sunk down again upon the rock, where his weakness still detained him against his inclination. Alas, it was on this very spot that, a year ago, he contemplated; with a happy and a tranquil heart, the striking picture of the fall of the snow, and the sudden return of Spring! Spring is now again returned, and with that delightful season has arrived the period chosen for the consummation of the nuptials of Elerz and Zunilda.

"Unhappy man!" said Florvel to himself; "Nature is now resuming her most enchanting dress, and my heart is sinking into endless mourning.... Horrible chastisement of my former crimes! I have indeed deserved it!.... I shall

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quit these scenes, but I shall bear in my heart a poisoned arrow, that cannot fail to terminate my days."

This last thought deprived Florvel of all earthly hope, and suddenly elevated his mind to heaven, the only refuge of the unhappy! Involuntarily he prostrated himself upon the ground. At first he inarticulately murmured his sorrows; he then fervently prayed! The author of consolation is never addressed in vain. He ameliorates the sufferings which he does not remove, and bestows a secret power which enables us to endure them.

The prayer of Florvel was so much the more fervent, as it was suddenly inspired by the most pungent grief and despair. The effect was equally sudden. The moment before, consumed by jealousy, tormented by feelings of bitter hatred against Elerz, who had loaded him with kindnesses and attention; at once a prey to the most terrible remorse, and the most criminal desires; such was

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Florvel; the vile sport of his passions, yielding himself without restraint to the guidance of a disordered imagination and an immoral heart. Now a sense of morality and religion elevates his soul. He becomes tranquil; he blushes at the recollection of the past, but his remorse is rather consoling than distressing. He still deems himself the most miserable of mankind, but he has discovered the means of supporting his calamity. He resumes that fortitude, that manly dignity of which a cowardly dejection had deprived him. His heart, elevated by the sublimest ecstasy, becomes capable of acquiescing in every sacrifice.

"Almighty Being," said he, "Thou, towhom misery has drawn me, thou who hast overwhelmed me with sorrow in order to try me, I have been a stranger to thee all my days! One single moment restores me to thee, and thou savest me from myself! To what earthly succour could I have had recourse? What are

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the sufferings which I endure compared with that state from which thou hast delivered me! My soul was nearly lost, thou hast restored it. Deign henceforth to direct me, that I may obey the dictates with which thou hast inspired me, and that I may delight to follow them! It is not enough that I resign myself to my fate; *I beseech thee to bestow happiness upon Elerz and Zunilda!*"

Just as he had pronounced these words in the most solemn manner, the sounds of rustic harmony struck his ears. The young bride and bridegroom, followed by the inhabitants of the valley, advanced towards the place where the marriage-ceremony was to be performed; and their canticles ascended up to heaven mingled with the prayers of Florvel for the happiness of Elerz and Zunilda.

The altar was erected at a little distance from the rock. Florvel descended into the valley, and met the happy pair, who uttered an exclamation of joy on

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seeing him. They had suffered great uneasiness from his absence, and had delayed the ceremony some time in expectation of his return. They at length were proceeding to the altar, with anxious hearts respecting the fate of Florvel, when he presented himself to their sight.

The ceremony now begins. The solemn moment is arrived, when they pronounce the holy marriage-vows, and the minister joins their hands.

It was at that moment that Florvel felt his fortitude forsaking him: his knees totter, his eyes grow dim; he endeavours, in vain, to support himself, and falls senseless at the foot of the altar.

A general alarm ensues: and every one runs to his assistance. Elerz and Zunilda forget for a time their own interesting situation, in their anxiety to attend to him. Several hours elapse before he discovers any signs of recovery. When he opens his eyes, he per-

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ceives that he is in the house of Zunilda, and in the arms of his friends. His expressions upon recollecting them, were marked by a serenity, which banished their fears. In the evening, seeing that he continued tranquil, and much recovered, they quitted his apartment and retired to their own. What a night was this to Florvel! he did not, however, pass it in wakeful meditation, but having resolved to seize that opportunity of quitting for ever scenes so dear to him, he employed the passing hours in the necessary preparations for his departure, and before he left their peaceful habitation, he addressed the following letter to Elerz and Zunilda.

" Farewel, my friends! Farewel, dear and adorable Zunilda! .... Fate has not decreed for me the happiness of ending my days with you; I am destined to buffet with the storms and ills of life; you deserve to know nothing but its sweets. Think of me sometimes,

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but do not pity me. Amidst the disappointments which prey upon me I still feel a happiness for which I am indebted to yourselves. Your virtues, your simplicity, and innocence have deeply impressed my heart. You, especially, innocent and affectionate Zunilda, have caused me to abjure my too fatal errors. You have in your own person at length convinced me, that it is possible there may exist upon earth, *a woman destined to become the happiness of one man alone; at the same time that she extorts the admiration of all.* I owe to you still more, my friends: you have reconciled me to a Being, who has bestowed upon me strength to support an eternal separation. Farewel: Ere you read this letter, I shall be far from this loved spot, which will never be effaced from my memory.

FLORVEL."

When Elerz and Zunilda were apprised by this letter of the departure of their

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friend, they were both painfully affected; but as the delicacy of Florvel had concealed from them the real cause of his misery, their happiness experienced no other diminution than that which regret for the loss of his society occasioned.

Florvel returned to France, and retired to one of his country seats, where, indulging a deep melancholy, he knew no other pleasures than such as resulted from the practice of those virtues which Elerz and Zunilda had taught him by their example.

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CONCLUSION OF THE WORK.

I THINK I have proved, by a variety of facts, and by several striking approximations, that in whatever point of view they may be considered, women are not inferior to men. In France, more especially, had it not been for the defectiveness of their education, many of them would have made a very brilliant figure. The exclusive frivolities to which they were condemned, in a greater degree, perhaps, formerly than at present, must necessarily have tended to deprive them of a part of their resources.

It is extremely difficult to decide on the system of education the best calculated to form those precious beings, who to render us happy, are to unite, in domestic life, every accomplishment, virtue,

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and useful quality; and in the circles of fashion, whatever can contribute to please. It would appear that a sufficient importance has not been annexed to this subject, in the discussions to which it has given rise. On a mature reflection, it will be found that there are few questions of a more interesting nature.... HEAVEN, in creating woman, seemed to say to man: "Behold either the torment or the charm of your present and future existence. Give a direction to this being, calculated, by the extreme pliancy of her mind, to receive all the impressions you may wish to bestow on her. It is another self which I offer to you: in taking charge of her, you ought, in a certain degree, to identify her with yourself."

I am aware that it is equally essential to avoid bestowing on women too much or too little instruction; and I know that the habitual inclination which they possess to domineer, occasionally ex-

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poses them to the imputation of pedantry, when they are learned. The greatest danger to which they can be exposed, lies, however, in ignorance.

To form the mind and heart of a woman, ought, according to my opinion, to be almost the sole aim of their education. The heart of females is the guarantee of their character, and their mind that of their conduct.

The education of men embraces many objects. But when a woman is mild, polished, and gifted with sensibility, at the same time that her mind has received the necessary degree of cultivation to render her company and conversation agreeable; what more can be desired? Formerly the cultivation of the mind was too much neglected in female convents. The present system of several of the fashionable boarding schools in France, appears to have fallen into the opposite extreme. It is as disgusting to see an ignorant young woman, as a fe-

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male philosopher, reasoning on abstract subjects, which are not in the province of her sex. As at the present moment, an ambitious claim to perfection in talents and acquirements of every description is superadded; and as women are even seen in society endeavouring to vie, in agility and address, with a female opera dancer; there commonly results a somewhat singular contrast between the gravity which an apparent scientific knowledge bestows on a certain description of our young females, and the real freedom of their manners, which are more brilliant than modest.

A very fatal change has been introduced in domestic life. Formerly a young woman, influenced by a due respect for her mother, was for a long time governed by her, without venturing to have an opinion of her own. Now she not only adopts sentiments before she can have any right to do so, but pronounces and defends her opinions in

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earnest altercations with her parents. This dangerous privilege is extended to the most important affair of this life, to the choice of a husband. I am very far from approving the absurd custom which has been too much followed, of being guided by motives of interest, rather than of choice and affection in marrying a young girl. But is not the other extreme equally dangerous? When the union is formed by the mutual consent of the daughter and her parents, it is a rational, and will probably be a happy one. But ought the choice of the former to be made without the approbation of her family? Unfortunately the heart too often mistakes; and this is one reason why so many badly projected and ill suited alliances have been formed. How many examples may be adduced in proof of this, of women, who having separated themselves from their husbands, have entered into engagements which their own will has urged them to

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embrace, and who have thus plunged in misery! The laws ought to be regulated and framed according to the corruption of manners into which a nation has fallen. But, on the other hand, an attempt has been made in France to blend and confound every thing; and the incoherence of the social order with the natural rights has been productive of many misfortunes.

In a country newly peopled, such as North America, where prejudices are scarcely known among the inhabitants; where the manners have been subjected to so trifling a change; where there are so few objects to divide the attention; and where the patriarchal system predominates in families; the spirit of reason and wisdom has so powerful an influence, as to be insensibly communicated to the youth of either sex, without their suspecting it. It becomes a social spirit which infuses itself into every individual who constitutes a part of the family.

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In France, on the other hand, every one speaks, reasons, and thinks after his own manner. Males and females, age and youth, reason, and folly, ignorance and intelligence, — every thing, in short, is expressed at one and the same time. — — — — — — — — — — Among our good ancestors, a man of thirty years of age was more submissive to the venerable head of the family, than a youth of eighteen years is at the present moment to his father. Accordingly, those sacred principles which are the safeguards of morality, are called prejudices; and so great a change has been wrought in our ideas of religion, that it has been deprived of all its force. Amid this social anarchy it is more necessary than ever that a young girl should consider her mother as her friend and guide. According to the dangerous *liberty of thinking*, which has been too firmly established for some time to be guarded against by inexperience, a gid-

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dy female is not at a loss to find an excuse for her fault. She even adopts a kind of new principle, by which she thinks herself authorized to commit it; and has too many persons to come forward in her defence. When a universal confusion prevails, the opinion of the public loses its influence. It was for a long time the safeguard and bulwark of reputation. Before any one was judged by it, the family tribunal exercised, within doors, an august power, which was dreaded by the inmates. The families were then united, instead of being divided, as they are at this time, not merely by the discordance of opinions, but by misfortunes on the one hand, and newly acquired wealth on the other.

Formerly any one of the individuals who composed the domestic society, was afraid to return beneath the paternal roof, and to meet the view of those who dwelt within, if conscious of meeting their reproaches. The cu prit was to

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be brought to a severe reckoning for having disgraced the family name by a base or unworthy action; and it became a general interest that the person so offending should be restored to a sense of the principles of honour. Did any one dare to overstep the boundary of decency, an unanimous sentence was pronounced, without a possibility of appeal, and a punishment inflicted for a neglect of the duties indispensable to all the members of the society. A man who should envelop himself in the obscurity of a scandalous life, might sometimes escape reproach; but such were the received prejudices, and the different formalities to which a female was subjected, that she could not shun the punishment which awaited her. She was lost!.... At the present time, how often has it not been said: *What does that signify? It is pretty nearly the same as if it had not occurred. What it is agreeable to do, ought to be done.* Rigorous and just opinions

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are now so very seldom to be met with, that they are braved without difficulty. I do not say that females, in former times, were, generally speaking, more strictly governed by a sense of honour than at present, but in principles, as well as in actions, there were limits which no one dared publickly to pass; and it ought to be recollected, that bad examples are the grand destroyers of morality.

From this state of things it therefore results, that the condition of women is at this time reduced to three points dependant on each other, namely, they enjoy a greater share of freedom than heretofore, but are less respected, and possess less influence in society.

Custom being a kind of fashion, which governs our morals with as much despotism, as it does our dress and personal ornaments, it will be long before we shall see certain essential prejudices, more particularly as they relate to females, recover their ascendancy. It is

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consequently necessary that education should substitute such principles, in the interim, to the weak barriers which the passions have surmounted. To be sincere; there are now in reality no other restraints imposed upon us than those which we deem it prudent to adopt ourselves.

The education of a young female was formerly confined to certain principles which she received with a submission from her parents. At present, to repeat what I have already observed, she weighs and examines them, and will not allow herself to be swayed by experience. A new system of education ought therefore to be adopted. It is essential that the mother, more than ever attentive to her daughter, should acquire her confidence; should vie with her young companions in the counsels she gives her; should struggle incessantly against the principles which are in vogue, and the brilliant

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illusions of the imagination; should forget that she has a right to command; and be sensible that she ought to win her pupil over to a right mode of thinking and acting. It is essential that, as she is under the necessity of introducing her too early into life, she should derive an advantage from this inconvenience; and, joining example to precept, should, by the dint of a patience almost beyond endurance, and a most assiduous perseverance, point out what she could never venture to command *.

Without entering into any further detail, I shall observe, that the small share of influence the women enjoy at the

* The system of education adopted by Madame Genlis appears to me to be a model well deserving of imitation. On this head I appeal to the author herself. Since her excellent work has appeared, such extraordinary changes have, however, been wrought in France, that, in adhering to the basis of her system, it requires certain modifications, in proportion to the weak ascendancy which reason and experience have over youth.

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present time, sufficiently demonstrates how adverse the principles of the new philosophy have been to them. The little consideration enjoyed by the sex, the very reverse of what ought to have been expected from their talents and powers of seduction, is a circumstance which the attentive observer ought not to pass by with indifference.

The attention cannot be directed towards any art, in the exercise of which certain females have not demonstrated their superiority. It would be a particular satisfaction to name several of them, provided the praise of persons who are still living, did not bear a stronger resemblance to flattery than to justice!

Is it possible to speak of painting, without citing the celebrated female whose misfortunes have obliged her to seek an asylum in foreign climes, and whose celebrity has every where preceded her steps? The saloon * never opens

* The Paris exhibition of paintings.

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without some young rival of her talents presenting herself to charm our sight, by productions which display the interest and the grace inseparable from the sex.

If we speak of literature, how many names are there which present themselves to our admiration! Shall I point out the female who established a durable reputation by her *First Novel?* Or the one who, by three productions of that description, has enrolled her name among those of our most celebrated novel writers? Or shall I name that authoress, the daughter of a man celebrated by his rank and by his writings, who so well knows how to shine in works of the most opposite species, who can discuss the most abstract philosophical points, or pen the most elegant novel*; who performs a benevolent act with the same

* I would place in a class by itself the novel of Delphine. The contrast of opinions upon this work equals perhaps that of the beauties and defects with which it abounds.

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grace with which she utters a *bon mot*, and who attaches to herself as many friends, by the goodness of her heart, as she does admirers by the spirit of her writings?

Need I mention one of the most celebrated authoresses, who having received both a theoretical and practical education, will for ever hold in her works the first rank among all those which grace a select library, whether we consider their style, their usefulness, or the pleasure and entertainment which they afford?

Her plays are calculated to instruct the young, and to interest mature age; her novels are replete with entertainment, and her moral pieces are at once perfectly correct, and sufficiently amusing.

If the modesty of her aunt has deprived the public of those excellent plays, which delight private parties, and amuse their leisure, ought we to imitate her reserve?

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The theatres could never boast more brilliant talents in the female line than at present..... To say nothing of the *four principal actresses* whom all Paris applauds for their various merits, how many others might be named who claim our admiration? To conclude; the Lyceums, the Public Journals, and the collections of Fugitive Pieces, will sufficiently demonstrate the right which many others have to be mentioned on this occasion. The public know them well; and I willingly add my homage to theirs, without separately naming so many individuals!

Before we entirely close this essay, let us take a view of the alterations in the condition of women, which have taken place from the days of the patriarchs to the present times. The writings of different authors shall be our direction on this subject.

During a period of nearly three thousand years, women, whose weakness

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called for every indulgence, were made the subjects of the satire and the malice of the men, who never quitted their arms but with a design to calumniate them. At length the days of chivalry arrived, and women enjoyed a more agreeable state in society. Unhappily ignorance uniting itself with gallantry, the productions of literature were rare; but the first dawning of knowledge convinced mankind of their injustice towards women. The bards combined the praises of woman with that offered to heroes and gods; they sung of the ecstasies of love: and even carried their panegyrics to a degree of extravagant enthusiasm: Boccace, Petrarch, and others, furnish examples of this species of idolatry.

The Troubadours every where sung the praises of beauty; poets, and writers of every species, imitated them, and the *mania* became general.

Whenever a custom is carried to such an excess of abuse, its duration is short,

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and the certain consequence of such extravagance was, a return below the point from which it at first arose.... Nothing more clearly proves the inferiority of man, than the fact, that his thoughts never move out of a certain circle.

After mankind had carried their admiration of the sex to a degree, which converted women into celestial beings, in a moment their ideas were entirely changed. The epoch of the reign of Charles the Second, in England, is remarkable in this respect. The corruption of the court was carried to such an extent, that the men did not hesitate to depreciate that sex, which they had taken pains to corrupt. The fashion of celebrating the praises of women in sonnets, was succeeded by that of calumniating them in epigrams and other writings full of the severest satire. Lord Rochester gave the first specimens of this species of calumny; and he was

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soon followed by Pope, Swift, Young, and a thousand other authors too obscure for notice. It was their aim, they tell us, to correct the manners of women; but they corrected nothing by wounding their pride. It is infinitely better to entice mankind to do good by artful panegyric, than to deter them from evil by gross invectives.

This ridiculous indecision of the opinion of men in respect to women, should console that sex for the injustice which is equally evinced by their flatteries and their satires.

From the earliest epoch to which I have alluded to the present hour, women have continued to experience considerable changes in their condition, and in the degrees of attention which they have received from the men. At the present period we may venture to say, that they would be almost forgotten, did they not extort our admiration by their personal merits, and by their dis-

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tinguished talents. After having fallen into two different species of excess, we have now nearly arrived at the true point, and *the equality of the two sexes will now perhaps be established*; and we shall cease to consider women according to their sex, but individually according to their merits. Is it certain, that if the two sexes were subjected to this just rule of examination, we should have a very considerable superiority over the other sex? It would be difficult at least to decide on such a question. It is time that mere corporeal strength should have less influence in the balance of advantages. Why do we hear perpetually of the opinion of *men respecting women*, and never of *the opinion of women respecting men?* Whence is derived our privilege of judging them, and our exemption from being judged by them? Whence is it that their condition in society is not only that of dependents, but in some respects that of slaves? They

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are the weaker sex; and therefore the legislature ought rather to protect, than to oppress them in a manner at which justice and reason revolt*.

With respect to myself, without presuming to decide the question, I am of opinion, that women are entitled to equal rights with ourselves. In common with us they possess the qualities of honour, reason, wit, courage, perseverance, and patience; and their importance in the contract which unites us, is equal to our own.

Let us then at length be convinced of our errors respecting them. Who are these beings, whom we thus oppress? Their breast sustains and nourishes us;

* It is to be hoped, that in the new civil code which is now in preparation, provision will at least be made, that the property of women be at their own disposal, as in Germany, and that they will not continue, in this respect, in an unjust and degrading state of guardianship.

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their hands direct our earliest steps; their tender voice teaches us to lisp our first expressions; they wipe away the first tears we shed; and to them we are indebted for our earliest pleasures. Nature seems to have confided man to their continual care: the cradle of infancy is their peculiar charge, and their kind compassion smoothes the bed of death.

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NOTES.

On the Marriage Ceremonies of different Nations.

MARRIAGE is one of those institutions, which among different nations has undergone the greatest change.

In the first ages of the world, a man marked by a stone the ground which he intended to cultivate; in the same manner he took to himself a woman, whom he conducted to his tent, and promised to assist her in rearing their progeny. There then existed no other marriage ceremonies.

Among the first inhabitants of ancient Rome, a man and woman lived together without any legal contract; and the nature of their connection united them by the mutual advantages which each derived from it.

Among the Calmucks a man and woman are married for one year. If the woman prove pregnant, they continue together another year.

There is scarcely a country, in which the custom of giving money is not introduced into the marriage ceremony, as a guarantee of the bargain which is thus made, by selling a young woman to another family.

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The Egyptians attribute the institution of marriage to Minos, their first sovereign.

The Assyrians had a ceremony peculiar to themselves for the marriage of their daughters.

Once every year they assembled together all the marriageable young women, and put them up to auction. A spirit of competition among the rich men, raised the price to very considerable sums, which, being deposited in a public bank, were appropriated to the purpose of portioning off such young women as were less handsome, and consequently less admired. The more ugly a young girl was, the larger was her dowry, in order to engage some avaricious man to marry her. There was no other ceremony used in the celebration of their marriage, than a sort of feast, at which the husband assembled his friends, and called upon them to witness that he had complied with the conditions of his bargain. It is understood, however, that the Assyrians instituted a tribunal for the especial purpose of regulating the laws relative to marriages, and seeing them enforced. There are scarcely any other traces of a marriage ceremony to be found among the ancients, than feasts and entertainments.

Some authors mention a peculiar ceremony which existed, of presenting to the new-married pair, a basket filled with acorns and bread, as a

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memorial of the times when the earth produced its fruits without labour.

The same idea undoubtedly was intended to be expressed by the Romans, in their ceremony of spreading nuts upon the table of the new-married pair.

At Athens, when the virgins arrived at an age fit for marriage, they repaired to a village in the neighbourhood, to implore pardon of the statue of Diana, for entertaining a wish to be married, and to solicit, at the same time, the permission of the goddess to relinquish their virgin state. It was their common practice to sacrifice a victim before marriage; on which occasion they always took care to throw the gall of the animal behind the altar, which may be construed into a declaration that no bitterness or malice ought ever to be admitted to disturb the harmony of marriage.

Always superstitious, the ancients never beheld with indifference a vulture seize any part of the sacred viands. On such an occurrence, the marriage was frequently broken off entirely, and always deferred. The sudden appearance of two turtle doves, was deemed a most happy omen. If only one appeared, they believed that the marriage would not be happy. Hence originated a thousand frauds and tricks among

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the Greeks. Any one who was interested in preventing a marriage, might accomplish his purpose by carrying a turtle dove under his cloak, and letting it fly at the moment of the sacrifice. The understandings of those famous warriors, of those celebrated philosophers, were liable to be thus imposed upon by absurd omens.

The Athenians conducted the wife to her husband's house in a car, and after she had descended from it, they burnt the axle-tree, to signify that she had not the liberty of returning. The father washed the feet of the bride with water from the fountain of *Callirhoe*. She was then conducted to the nuptial chamber, which was illuminated with a number of torches proportioned to her birth. The mother tied her head ribband to one of the torches; they then retired, and the young men made a loud noise at the door, to prevent any thing being heard, which passed within the chamber.—Such were the marriage ceremonies of the Greeks.

The Romans acknowledged three sorts of marriages, which were differently celebrated: they were stiled *Conferration*, *Coemption*, and *Service*.

That which they called Conferration, was the manner of marrying the Pontiffs and Priests. This ceremony consisted in causing the new mar-

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ried couple to eat cakes made of water, flour and salt, a portion of which was offered to those deities who were patrons of marriage.

The second species of marriage called Coemption, was celebrated by the parties themselves, and simply consisted in a mutual pledge of their faith, by each giving to the other a piece of money.

The third sort, called Service, was the effect of chance. When a child was illegitimately born, and the father and mother agreed to live together, their own consent was deemed sufficient to constitute a marriage, and to legitimatize their offspring.

Some authors assert, that in Holland, and in some parts of Germany, if a man marries a woman upon his death bed, it is sufficient to legitimatize all their children without any other formality, than that of all the children being present at the ceremony.

Whenever a marriage, according to the ceremony of coemption, or conferration, was agreed upon, the augurs were always consulted as to the pleasure of the gods, and to point out some propitious day for the celebration. When the contract of marriage was signed, the parents affixed to it their seal. They deposited the dowry of the ir daughter in the hands of the augur, and

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her intended husband sent her a ring of iron. On the day of marriage, it was the custom, when they dressed the hair of the bride, to divide her hair into six tresses, in the manner of the Vestals, to indicate that she should always remain a vestal to all but her husband. They also placed upon her head a crown of vervein, and other herbs, which she herself had gathered. Over this crown she generally wore a veil, and her feet were ornamented with shoes of the same colour, with very high heels.

In ancient Rome, it was the practice to place upon the necks of the bride and bridegroom, a ring called *conjugium*; from which we derived the word, *conjugal*. No emblem has since been invented so, perfectly analogous to the married state. It was also the custom, that on such occasions, the young women should feign a repugnance to meet the embraces of their husbands, and seem reluctant to quit the arms of their mothers. Five little boys having been previously bathed and perfumed, carried each a lighted torch, in honour of the five deities of marriage, Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Diana, and Suada, the goddess of Persuasion. Two children conducted the bride to the house of her husband, and carried behind her a distaff, a spindle, and a box containing her toilet. When she arrived at the door, which she found orna-

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mented with garlands of leaves and flowers, they presented to her fire and water, and at the same time demanded her name. To this question the bride always answered *Caia*: by which was intimated, that she intended to imitate the celebrated *Caia Cecilia*, who acquired the highest reputation by her conjugal and domestic virtues. Before she entered the house, they sprinkled the bride with lustral water, that her husband might meet her in all her purity. She also placed upon the door a piece of woollen stuff, and rubbed it with the oil or grease of some animal. They then carried her into the house, as the augurs predicted, that ill fortune would fall upon her, who should imprudently touch the threshold of the door. Immediately on her entering the house, they presented the bride with all the keys, and brought her for a seat, the skin of a sheep which had never been shorn, to remind her that henceforth she must employ herself, in fabricating the garments of her family. When the bride and bridegroom entered their chamber, the latter distributed walnuts among the children, before the company retired; and the men sung some verses to dispel the charms of magic and witchcraft. Every one then retired, and the lights in the chamber were all extinguished. The

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following day the bridegroom gave a feast. On this occasion his new wife appeared with him on the nuptial bed; and publicly bestowed upon him such marks of familiarity, as evinced that she felt no regret for having entered into the married state. So little reserve was observed by the wife in her conversation, on these occasions, that it was a common proverb among the Romans to say, "*She talks like a new married wife.*"

At Rome, a husband who detected his wife in adultery, might take away her life. On the other hand, a child born ten months after the death of a husband, might be considered as his, if the mother wished it; and the Emperor Adrian extended this unaccountable indulgence to eleven months.

It is very remarkable that the barbarians who conquered Rome, soon adopted their customs relative to women. They married their virgins under a pavilion, in token of modesty, and their widows in the open air.

Among the ancients marriages were for a long time celebrated without the aid of priests; and were simply contracted in the courts of justice, in the presence of the magistrates and the parents. At length Soter, the fifth successor of Peter, conceiving that he should thus establish the authority, and add to the dignity of the clergy, decreed that

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no woman could henceforth be lawfully married, except by a priest.

In the most distant ages, it appears, that marriage was nothing more than the sale of a woman to a man. I have already observed, that the pieces of silver or gold given on those occasions, are imitations of this ancient practice. The establishment of polygamy and concubinage, was the original basis of the tyranny of men over women. This tyranny was employed in a thousand instances, and jealousy only increased it. We perceive among the Hindoos a restless and cruel anxiety upon this subject. When a man leaves a woman for any length of time, he twists together two branches of a tree. If on his return he finds them as he left them, he is satisfied that his wife is faithful; but if he perceives the least alteration, he chastises her in the most cruel manner; and every proof of her innocence, however incontestible, is disregarded.

If we may credit some ancient authors, the Egyptians, in contracting marriage, always promised to be obedient to their wives; from which circumstance we may presume, that the women must have had a superior voice in the legislature, to have obtained such a privilege. The women of the Mariane Isles possessed this prerogative in a great extent. All the household

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furniture and moveables were their exclusive property; and the husband could dispose of nothing without their permission. If the husband was quarrelsome, or obstinate, or irregular in his conduct, the wife was authorised to punish him, or to leave him. If a husband detected his wife in adultery, he might put to death the gallant; but he was not permitted to bestow the least ill treatment upon his wife; but if, on the other hand, a wife was convinced of the infidelity of her husband, she had a right to inflict upon him what punishment she thought proper, and could call upon all the women in the neighbourhood to assist her in inflicting it. Armed with the spears and helmets of their husbands, they proceeded to the habitation of the delinquent, rooted up his plantations, destroyed his crops, and having laid waste every thing without, they entered the dwelling like furies, and totally destroyed that also. Woe to the master, who had not received timely notice to escape! But even when a woman had no cause to complain of her husband, when he simply ceased to be agreeable to her, she had nothing more to do than to declare to her parents that she would live with him no longer.

A writer of the last century asserts, that when the Grand Seignior gives his sister or his daughter in marriage, he thus addresses them: "I give

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you this man, that henceforth he may become your slave; and if he should happen to offend you, or disobey you, strike off his head with this scymetar." The same author adds, that the princess always wears this sabre at her side, as a symbol of her authority.

In other countries the laws authorised the husbands themselves to punish the infidelity of their wives. In Sweden and in Denmark, the husband who detects his wife in adultery, may with impunity slay her on the spot, and incapacitate the seducer from ever again committing the same crime. Among some of the Tartar tribes the husband often sacrifices the life of his wife to the slightest suspicion of infidelity; and nothing more than suspicion is necessary to induce many of the oriental chiefs to bury their wives and concubines up to the chin, and then leave them to endure a long and painful agony before they die. When the Grand Seignior suspects any of his women, he causes them to be sewed up in a sack and thrown into a canal. Among the Germans, when a husband detects his wife in adultery, he cuts off her hair in the presence of her parents, drives her quite naked out of his house, and whips her through the streets of the city. The Chinese, among whom the sense of honour is less powerful, coolly sell their unfaithful wives to the slave

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merchants. In Louisiana, in Pegue, at Siam, and in Cochin-China, on the other hand, adultery is an honourable distinction. The inhabitants offer their wives to strangers, and consider a refusal of their favours as an insult to the beauties of their wives.

Herodotus mentions a people called Gendanes, whose women boasted of their lewdness. The custom of their country authorised them to add a flounce or border to their garment, for every lover upon whom they had bestowed their favours; and she who wore the greatest number of these flounces or borders, was the most envied by her own sex, and the most admired by ours.

If this custom is contrary to constancy, to reason, and to decency, it possesses at least a species of consistency not to be met with in the conduct of the men of our age, who employ every means of seduction to deprave the women, and yet occupy their whole life in calumniating them.

FINIS.

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